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## TAX-EXEMPT SECURITIES *vs.* PROGRESSIVE INCOME TAX

BY ROBERT MURRAY HAIG

SOME time ago Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip asserted that America was a nation of economic illiterates. This undoubtedly shocked many persons, but not the professional economists. They had received their shock long before. However, Mr. Vanderlip's charge is really not so devastating as it appears to be at first glance. Illiterate, after all, may mean merely "having little or no book learning". It does not necessarily imply a lack of intelligence, of ordinary horse-sense or, in John Dewey's language, of an ability to distinguish between what is or is not "bunk". Most economists are prevented from becoming confirmed pessimists because the record shows that, even though we be a nation of economic illiterates, we are not by any means a nation of economic idiots.

Happily, intelligence, not literacy, is the quality required in dealing with the question of tax-exempt securities. From present indications this question will form the basis for the next amendment to the Federal Constitution. If the pending measure receives the consideration and the disposition it deserves, it means that the public and the State legislators must exhibit an ability to keep to the road through a somewhat complex bit of economic analysis without being diverted into the numerous blind paths which lie along the way. The proposed amendment

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28

promises to be a very interesting test of the fundamental economic intelligence of the American people. This paper attempts to disentangle and to discuss the essential issue involved which, in the opinion of the writer, is nothing less than the future of the taxation of income at progressive rates. There are other important factors in the situation, but this is the heart of the problem. If progressive income taxation is to continue as an important part of the fiscal system of the States and the nation, the unlimited issuance of tax-exempt securities must cease.

The economic analysis involved relates to the manner in which the market prices of tax-exempt securities are determined in the presence of an income tax imposed at rates which rise as the size of a taxpayer's income increases. The analysis is one which has long found general acceptance among economists and business men, but its character is such that there is no lack of opportunities to wander astray.

Whether or not one approves progressive taxation, that principle has been definitely established in the fiscal systems of all modern democracies. Whether or not one believes that the Congress of the United States and the legislatures of some of the States have been wise in pushing the rates to the present high levels, the fact remains that these scales have been written into the statutes as representing the sentiment of the community. They actually exist and they were constructed with the intention that they should be paid. In large measure they are not being paid, because of tax-exempt securities. Unless the issuance of such bonds is brought under control, the progressive feature of the income tax will become in its practical operation so ineffective and so unjust that its entire abandonment will be a logical necessity.

One can conceive of conditions under which it would be only common sense to make all public bonds tax-exempt. If the governmental organization of the country were completely unified and if the aggregate public borrowings were sufficiently limited in amount, tax-exempt bonds could be used with the assurance that the Government would receive back in lower interest rates and increased market standing of the bonds the full

worth of the exemption from taxation which it granted. Under such conditions there would indeed be a positive factor in the situation which would throw the balance definitely in favor of the exemption policy, for after all it requires some effort to transfer money from one pocket into another. However, these two essential conditions do not now exist and cannot ever be expected in this country. Instead there exists a congeries of overlapping governmental authorities which issue securities exempt from the taxes not only of their own but of the other jurisdictions as well. This effectually prevents any one political division from reaping the benefit of its own (and only its own) exemptions from taxation. Again, the aggregate public borrowings, instead of being very limited in amount, are enormous and there is no reason for believing that they will grow smaller. As a consequence the Government does not and cannot receive back the full worth of the exemptions it grants.

These statements require elaboration. First, consider the manner in which the size of the total public borrowings affects the problem. When the Federal Government sells a three and one-half per cent bond containing an agreement that the interest shall be exempt from its progressive income tax, it offers a concession which is of different value to different individuals. The privilege of being excused from paying income tax on the interest is a great or a small privilege depending upon whether the rate of tax which would otherwise be payable is high or low.

How widely the value of this privilege may vary can be grasped from this simple example. If the \$35 interest on the three and one-half per cent bond happens to be received by a millionaire with an income of over \$200,000, the amount of tax which he would be excused from paying under the federal rates now in force would be \$20.30. That is the portion of the \$35 which he would be asked to pay in income taxes if the interest came from some non-exempt source such as an ordinary industrial bond. Obviously, this millionaire would be willing to pay more for a government bond carrying this tax exemption than for an ordinary industrial bond, even assuming such bonds to be identical with the government bond in all other respects. The tax-exempt bond is really worth to him an additional sum equal to the present

value of the annual item of \$20.30 which he is excused from paying for the term of the bond.

Such a bond is worth something less to a second rich man whose income is \$150,000, instead of \$200,000. The tax he is excused from paying is \$19.95 instead of \$20.30. The value of the exemption steadily declines as the taxable income of the owner of the bond is assumed to diminish, until the tax-exempt privilege becomes valueless to the owner whose income is so small that he is subject to no tax at all.

So long as tax-exempt bonds are restricted to an amount which can be readily absorbed by the heaviest tax-payers—those in the highest surtax group—the Government can expect to receive a full return for the exemption granted, for the market value of the bonds (or, what amounts to the same thing, the rate of interest) will be established by the demand of those to whom the exemption is most precious. Just so soon, however, as the number of such bonds exceeds the demands of this group of very rich men and it becomes necessary to dispose of them to taxpayers in the next lower class, the market value of the bond begins to drop. For such a bond cannot be sold to a \$150,000 man who saves only \$19.95 by purchasing it, at as high a price as can profitably be paid by a \$200,000 man who saves \$20.30. The lower market-standing of the bond, now fixed on the basis of its value to the \$150,000 man, is a value which extends to the entire issue, so that the \$200,000 man may now buy his bond at a price lower than its full worth to him. In other words, through this process by which the market value of the bond declines, the \$200,000 man reduces his true, effective tax rate to the level of the \$150,000 man. The law says that he shall pay a 58 per cent income tax on his income in excess of \$200,000. By buying a tax-exempt bond at a price fixed by the value of the exemption to the man in the \$150,000 class, he reduces that 58 per cent to 57 per cent. The tax-exempt bond is then a device which has the peculiar quality ascribed to the Scotch hen of the old nursery rhyme:

Bobby Shaftoe has a hen,—  
Cockle button, cockle ben,—  
She lays eggs for gentlemen,  
But none for Bobby Shaftoe!

If Congress was really in earnest when it said that equality of tax burdens demanded 58 per cent of every dollar of income received by an individual above \$200,000, then, in authorizing the issuance of tax-exempt bonds in such numbers that their market price is determined by relatively small taxpayers, it has destroyed that equality. Consciously or unconsciously, by its own act it has created a device whereby that dollar is actually burdened less than the 58 per cent which justice and equality presumably demand.

Keeping in mind the character of this process, which is known among economists as capitalization, attention may be given to the quantities of the tax-exempt bonds which are available in the market and to the ability of the taxpayers to absorb them. Have they or have they not been issued in excess of the demands of those to whom the tax exemption is most valuable?

Estimates of the amount of tax-exempt securities outstanding vary from ten to thirty billions, a range truly amazing until one comes to examine the bases upon which the estimates are made. The highest estimates include all of the federal bonds—even those which on their face are not entirely exempt from the income tax—on the assumption that such bonds are not held to any great extent by individuals in excess of the amounts covered by the blanket exemptions allowed each individual, which at present altogether amount to \$165,000, par value, of the various issues. Since after July 2, 1923, this figure drops to \$60,000 and three years later to \$10,000, the important qualification which must soon be made in the largest estimates is a point to be taken into account. The total interest-bearing debt of the Federal Government on January 31, 1923, amounted to \$22,354,059,703.55.

But in addition to the exempt portion of the federal debt, the entire issues of all of the States and their political subdivisions must be taken into account. These securities, according to the preliminary figures of the Educational Finance Inquiry Commission, amounted to \$6,524,040,734 in 1920. The issues since that date raise the figures to approximately ten billions.

After all, these sums mean little until brought into relationship with the power of those in the highest surtax groups to absorb

tax-exempt securities. Inquiry was made among dealers in securities in February, 1923, regarding the classes who were finding it profitable to invest in such bonds under the market conditions existing at that time. The answer cannot, of course, be given in precise form because of the variable importance ascribed by different investors to the element of safety, but the testimony showed that many conservative investors, with annual incomes as low as \$20,000, were finding it advantageous to invest in tax-exempt bonds at the prices of such securities then current. Less cautious investors who normally placed their funds in sound preferred stocks found tax-exempt bonds attractive when their income approached the \$50,000 mark.

The significance of this situation becomes clear when it is realized that the income tax rate is only 16 per cent at the \$20,000 mark and only 31 per cent at the \$50,000 mark. This means that the flood of tax-exempt securities has been great enough to satisfy completely the demands of all the large surtax payers and that the market price of such bonds has dropped to a point where they attract investors with incomes of relatively moderate size. In other words, the very rich may now purchase these bonds at prices based on the value of the tax-exemption to a \$50,000 man, or even to a \$20,000 man, rather than its value to the recipient of a \$200,000 income. It indicates that so far as investment income is concerned, the surtax schedule above the 31 per cent rate is virtually inoperative. To this extent the progressive scale has been flattened out. While the income tax law pretends to levy rates on such income ranging up to 58 per cent, tax-exempt securities in effect cut that maximum rate practically in half. Under these conditions the \$200,000 man can buy himself free of the tax of \$20.30 on the three and one-half per cent bond at a price fixed by the demand of a man who is freeing himself of a tax of only \$10.85. Clearly, under these conditions, the Government loses in taxes more than it gains in reduced interest rates or increased market-standing of its bonds.

In passing, attention should be called to the type of income whose burden is thus virtually cut in two. It is not income from salaries, fees, or business. It is investment income, "lazy" income, as Gladstone was fond of calling it. In England income

tax rates are arranged so as to favor "industrious" income as compared with investment income. There is a strong sentiment in this country in support of a similar policy. The effect of tax-exempt securities is in exactly the opposite direction. The man who earns \$200,000 pays 58 per cent. The man who inherits a fortune and places it in tax-exempt bonds yielding \$200,000, pays the equivalent of a tax of about 31 per cent.

The conclusion must be that the quantities of tax-exempt securities are so great that it is impossible for the Government to reap the full value of the exemptions it grants. There is still another element involved. Because of the form of the governmental structure of this country, these interest exemptions on government securities permit one governmental body to profit at the expense of another and at the expense of the interests of the community as a whole. Even if the United States Government were the only authority which issued bonds and imposed progressive income taxes, the legal evasion described above would develop. Heavy taxpayers would buy themselves free of the tax without paying an equivalent amount in the form of an advanced price of the security. But not only can the United States itself issue bonds which are exempt from its own tax, but, due to the constitutional situation, every State and every little subdivision of a State, down to the most insignificant school or drainage district, may issue its securities exempt from federal income taxes. This means that a county in Oklahoma may, in effect, pay a substantial part of the cost of new roads with federal income taxes, for the millionaire investor can buy himself free of the federal tax by investing in a bond of the Oklahoma county. He will pay something more for the bond, it is true, than he would pay if it were not tax-exempt. However, as shown above, he will not pay a sum at all commensurate with the value of the federal exemption. Moreover, what he does pay will go, not to the federal treasury, but to the Oklahoma county. Here is federal aid gone mad. If there were no better solution it would pay the Federal Government, as a price for abolishing the exemptions, to give to the localities a sum equal to the advantage they gain from the exemption of their bonds from the federal income tax. Since the amount of the tax-exempt bonds which may be

issued by the States and their political subdivisions is entirely beyond the power of the Federal Government to control, it is clear that the principle of a federal progressive income tax lies quite at the mercy of these jurisdictions.

The exemption from the comprehensive federal income tax at present available to State and local securities is, therefore, to all intents and purposes a direct bonus to the localities. This has been recognized by economists for many years. Professor Edwin R. A. Seligman, for example, in his standard work on *The Income Tax* (2d. ed. 1914, p. 614) says:

The constitutional inhibition, if it means anything, means only that the National Government shall not discriminate against the States by injuring their power to borrow. It does not mean that the National Government should discriminate in favor of the States by enhancing their power to borrow. A special exemption of State bonds from a general income tax would, if it increased the market price of these securities, be tantamount to a gift from the National Government to the State Government. Such a relation, however, is not contemplated by the Constitution. It is not the function or the province of the National Government to confer gifts or favors upon the State governments. The States can look after themselves, and all they have a right to ask from the National Government is that there shall be no unconstitutional interference with their powers. Equality under the Constitution they have a right to claim; special favors they have no right to demand.

It should not be forgotten that progressive income taxation is a principle of vital importance to the States themselves. A number of States already have progressive income taxes in operation and such taxes form an essential part of the most promising plans of State tax reform. The student of taxation is indeed bold who contends that federal income tax rates will always remain high and State income tax rates low.

Most of the available space of this article has been exhausted in the attempt to make clear the importance of this problem of tax-exempt securities in its relation to the principle of progressive income taxation. This was done because it is felt that this aspect is of overwhelming importance as compared with the rest. The exemptions have many other ill effects, aside from their devastating influence on progressive income tax scales, a few of which may be briefly stated.

The advantage to be gained through investments in tax-exempt securities has greatly disturbed the normal investment habits of the very rich. Large sums which formerly found their way into mortgages and public utility bonds have been diverted from their normal course and into the public treasuries by the artificial interference of the exemption privilege. The result has been complaints from farmers and home owners regarding the scarcity of mortgage money and complaints from the public utilities not only about the scarcity of capital, but also regarding the competition to which they are often subjected by government-owned utilities financed with the proceeds of tax-exempt bonds.

The manner in which the interests of the farmers are affected by the exemptions is not always clearly grasped. If Senator Fletcher fully appreciated the true price paid for the lower interest rate borne by the Federal Farm Loan bonds because of their exempt character, could he defend his assertion that "this whole cry against tax-free securities found its very beginning and inception in the Land Mortgage Bankers' Association—a multi-millionaire organization which has grown rich out of the charges it has imposed upon the farmers of the West" (*Congressional Record*, January 26, 1923, p. 2490)? As a matter of fact the net amount of Federal Farm Loan bonds outstanding on January 1, 1922, amounted to only \$284,000,000, a scant three per cent of the lowest estimates of the total amount of the tax-exempt securities. Moreover, the evidence before the House committee is to the effect that only five per cent of the farm loans are made through the Federal Farm Loan system (67th Cong., 2d. Sess., H. R., Rept. No. 969, p. 21), and the other ninety-five per cent through channels drawing upon a loan fund depleted by the competition of tax-exempt securities. Are "the farmers of the West" so in love with the taxpayers receiving incomes of over \$50,000 that they propose to exchange the only means of securing an effective progressive income tax for such a mess of pottage?

In these exemptions many students find a partial explanation of the recent enormous increase in State and local borrowings, which have nearly trebled since 1910. Whether the charges of extravagance be well founded or not, is it well to continue at federal expense the present obvious incentive to large State and

local expenditures? If the progressive income tax at high rates is an essential part of the federal tax system, is not the argument valid that tax-exempt securities constitute a danger to the stability of the federal financial system itself?

There are those who consider progressive income taxation unimportant. That there is a considerable number of such persons is shown by the strength of the movement favoring a general tax on sales. There are some who consider progressive taxation positively unsound and obnoxious. These are chiefly those who are asked to pay the higher surtax rates. Much of the opposition comes from these two classes and much of the argument is disingenuous. They are against the amendment primarily because they fully realize that the continuance of the present system means the speedy ruin of progressive income taxation in its present form in this country. This they very much desire, but it is not an effective argument in view of the known sentiment of the country. Consequently much dust is being tossed into the air and the real issue is being obscured. Let there be no doubt about it: The country must decide, and that very quickly, whether it wants tax-exempt bonds or highly progressive income taxes. It cannot have both.

ROBERT MURRAY HAIG.

# RADICALISM AND THE FARM BLOC

BY JOHN R. COMMONS

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IN trying to estimate a widespread movement one is likely to be misled by his limitations in obtaining all the facts and giving to each its proper importance. Yet I will state what seem to me to be the principal reasons for the prevailing unrest. On the part of wage-earners there is a determination, unknown to such an extent in any preceding period of depression, not to accept any cut in wages. Employers and employment managers have been surprised to see men, in the severest stress of hardship of themselves and families, refuse to accept jobs at less than former pay. Many wage-earners had set aside savings, and their example in holding out has stiffened others whose savings were exhausted. This seems to be true of all classes of laborers—not merely of organized laborers, who, if they happen to have preserved their organizations, have maintained their level of daily wages to an astonishing degree. It is well known that employers who drastically reduced wages a year or so ago have been compelled to restore them in part, and are complaining of a scarcity of labor. The scarcity is largely in the psychology rather than in the supply of labor.

This dogged determination to stand by the wage scale even at the expense of no earnings at all, shows up in contrast with the falling off of revolutionary, Communistic and even Socialistic propaganda. The “old stuff”, as they say, about Rockefeller and the other “exploiters” of labor, which used to stir up a crowd, now “gets the laugh”. The worker wants “to bring home the bacon” and wants to listen to somebody who will tell him how to do it within, say, the next year. Wage-earners are certainly less revolutionary than they were two to four years ago when a great audience would resound with applause for Lenin or for the Communists who took over the factories in Russia, Germany or

Italy. They seem to have settled down to acceptance of the capitalist system, but are more determined to get the pay.

No doubt the present law restricting immigration has something to do with bolstering their determination, and their attention is turned more to preserving that law intact than to ousting capitalism. So far as there is a radical menace among wage-earners it is that of protecting their bargaining power rather than taking over the management.

It is evident, too, that woman suffrage has had much to do with the relative falling off of Socialist votes. Women are showing themselves conservative as respects revolutionary programmes but aggressive as respects prices, wages and the burden of taxation. On the whole, as far as laborers are concerned, the trend is towards Gompers and the conservative wing of the American labor movement and away from the revolutionary wing. At the same time this evidently means greater aggressiveness respecting the immediate issues of wages, prices and shop rules.

The situation has been intensified by the injunction obtained by Attorney-General Daugherty against the railroad shopmen's unions. These unions indicate a new phase of the labor movement. They include classes of laborers not heretofore organized, and they extend to small towns and labor centers not hitherto affected by injunctions. The irritating thing is the fact that the Federal court undertook to do what Congress had refused to do. These facts account in large measure for labor's support of La-Follette, Brookhart, Shipstead and Frazier, who are distinctly the farmers' candidates and less distinctly the laborers' candidates. The fact that farmers generally are interested in getting cheap labor and getting cheap manufactured products made by urban labor does not seem to have a disturbing effect on the labor vote, in view of the uncompromising stand of these and other candidates against the existing legislative and judicial control.

The issue of the war, which was raised against Senator La-Follette, reacted in his favor. Those who raised the issue could not show that they would now do anything substantially different respecting the foreign policy of the Government. Hence they had really no issue with him on foreign policy, and this cleared the field for domestic policies. Samuel Gompers, whose war record

was exactly opposite to that of LaFollette, nevertheless strongly endorsed him in his present programme. The Socialists, for the first time, did not put up a candidate against LaFollette, primarily, indeed, on account of Victor Berger's approval of LaFollette's war record, and the Progressives did not put up a candidate against Berger. It seems that, practically, the Socialists as a political party are losing because their revolutionary watchwords no longer get votes, and the way is opening, probably not for a Farmer-Labor Party, but for a Farmer-Labor Bloc.

The laborers and farmers have one interest in common, that of legalizing their unions and coöperative marketing organizations. The operations of the War Finance Corporation show how necessary it is that farmers shall combine in order to obtain credit in marketing their products. The individual farmer, to an unfortunate extent, throws his crops upon the market at one season of the year, whereas the manufacturer and consumer take them off the market only in a steady flow throughout the year. In order to hold his crops for "orderly marketing," the farmer must have warehouses and storage equipment where the products can be inspected, graded and held as security for loans. The individual farmer, of course, lacks these facilities. Furthermore, even if he had them, the expense of obtaining credit in small quantities in rural districts would be prohibitive as compared with that of the big middlemen. Hence credit unions are essential. These can borrow in large units, and the War Finance Corporation has perforce encouraged the organization of farmers' coöperative selling agencies in order that it might not only advance its own funds but, even more important, induce local investors to help finance the farmers' crops and live stock.

These operations of the War Finance Corporation through farmers' coöperative marketing organizations have saved the farmers large sums of money, for the result has been a considerable recovery of prices, both for organized and unorganized farmers, simply because they were not compelled to dump their entire products on the markets at the end of the crop season. Yet the thing has been done by a process that is technically none other than "restraint of trade". Threats of dissolution suits and penalties for violation of anti-trust laws make these credit unions

somewhat risky. Yet farmers are looking towards coöperative marketing, as never before, as a way out of their difficulties, and find themselves, at least for the time being, joined to the labor unions in a demand for legalized collective bargaining. Congress has already responded to the Farmers' Bloc by legalizing their coöperative marketing organizations to an uncertain extent, awaiting the interpretation of the courts. Until this matter of collective bargaining by farmers and laborers is cleared up the Farmer-Labor Bloc may be expected to function.

There are, however, vivid signs of internal conflict. One farmers' paper says:

The man who drives a city milk wagon gets close to a dollar an hour. The farmer who makes the milk is lucky if he gets a dollar a day, and the farmer's day is often sixteen hours long. There is not a man who touches the farm produce from the time it leaves the farmer's hands until it reaches the consumer's table who does not get more out of it for the time and energy put into it than the farmer who produced it. This applies to the trainman, the conductor, fireman, brakeman and engineer, all the way through the various truckmen and dealers down to the delivery boy and cook.

Other farmers' papers and spokesmen speak in similar tones. Evidently the Farmer-Labor Bloc has its seeds of dissolution that are being actively cultivated, but they probably will not ripen while the bloc is on the defensive, or in a minority, and has its present leadership.

The farmer's source of grievance is plain. The family is his unit of industry. He is conservative and individualistic. His capital is large for the labor employed. He climbs the agricultural ladder from laborer, to tenant, to mortgaged farm owner, to debt-free owner. His progress is through the primitive capitalism that ruled in manufactures seventy-five years ago. Yet he cannot stop production when prices fall, like the manufacturer. He cannot lay off his laborers, for he is employer, capitalist and laborer *in parvo*. He is highly speculative—he speculates on weather as well as prices. Yet he has reversed the maxim of business—he now buys in dear markets and sells in cheap markets. He estimates his loss of power to command other products in exchange for farm products at five to eight billion dollars during the first year of the depression. Our banking and credit

system does not fit all of his needs. Other business men have ready access to suitable savings banks, commercial banks, investment banks, trust companies and the powerful Federal Reserve system. Yet that system did not prevent inflation nor collapse of prices, which left the farmer's prices behind on the inflation and hit them hardest on the collapse.

His representatives were able to force Congress to help him at the collapse by renewing the War Finance Corporation and legalizing his credit coöperatives. The Federal Farm Loan banks helped somewhat with loans at less than current market rates of interest. He is learning a lesson. He feels the need of cheap credit to keep prices from falling and he sees that Congress has been able to give it.

Yet it is evident, from the undercurrent of approval of Ford's and Edison's plans, that he and others are not quite clear as to the relation between low rates of interest or bank discount, and an inflation of prices. The after-war inflation by the Federal Reserve Board, occasioned by keeping down the rate of re-discount and issuing Federal Reserve notes, was something unprecedented in the history of after-war finance. No agency so powerful over rates of interest and discount and volume of money has existed since the time of the Civil War. In the year 1868, without any previous campaign on the subject, Congress, under the influence of farmers, small business men and laborers, suddenly ordered the retirement of the greenbacks to be stopped. Another inflation followed and ended in the collapse of 1873. One can see today, among the farmers, a similar undercurrent, not stated in platforms. The War Finance Corporation is to lapse shortly, by virtue of the limit set by the act of Congress. The time is here for thorough consideration of the farmer's credit needs. It cannot be expected that he will let the Federal Reserve System go untouched. The system saved us from a panic but did not save us from a war inflation and a post-war inflation. It would seem that the credit needs of the farmers might be met without repeating the greenback inflation and collapse. A programme of stabilizing the general level of prices somewhere near the war level—the standard adopted in the “five-year look before and after” at which some corporations have been re-capitalized—

instead of a programme of getting back to the before-war level of prices, would meet the farmer part way. Any renewed insistence on a policy of contraction would widen the breach.

Yet there is one situation even more difficult. The great outlet for farmers' products has hitherto been the European markets. The collapse of Europe's purchasing power, at the same time with the collapse of American prices in general, injured farmers more than it injured manufacturers. And no stabilization of prices, nor inflation, nor cheap credit, can correct this relatively greater loss of markets. Credit depends on expected prices, and an inflation or stabilization of prices must always leave manufacturers' prices ahead of farmers' prices, until either the European markets are restored or American manufactures increase or farm output decreases, sufficient to offset the loss of European markets. This means, unless Europe is rehabilitated, a prolonged depression of agriculture compared with manufactures, accompanied by a shift of bankrupt farmers to other industries until a new balance is created between American industries and agriculture independent of foreign markets.

Yet farmers adhere to the traditional American policy of refusing to take part in European affairs, and, at the same time, they insist on the payment of the war debts by bankrupt Europe. Since these debts can be paid only by imports of manufactured and other products, which would reduce by so much the sale of competing American products, the farmers and manufacturers, by high tariffs, prohibit the Europeans from paying their debts. The farmers are in the position of a merchant who finds his prosperous customers suddenly changed into beggars in front of his store, but refuses to let a bankruptcy court write off their debts and let them start over again, and refuses to let them sell what they might produce and so become prosperous again.

There is nothing revolutionary or even radical in the situation. It is rather the extreme conservatism of democracy and its political leaders, and a natural reaction after-war psychology. It prevents America from joining with Europe in a world stabilization of credit, currency and prices which must precede the rehabilitation of Europe and the restoration of markets.

JOHN R. COMMONS.

# WHAT THE ENGLISH LABOR PARTY WANTS

BY J. ELLIS BARKER

THE English Labor Party is an exceedingly important factor in English affairs. Four million people voted for it at the last general election, and it is represented in the House of Commons by nearly 150 members. It is the second strongest party in the House, and its leaders are prepared to form an alternative Government. Apparently labor may govern England at an early date. What, then, is its character, and what are its aims?

The British labor movement is not easily understandable, because it is very complex. It comprises men of all shades of opinion, from Conservatives and reactionaries to Communists and revolutionaries. These inharmonious elements strive for mastery. Their struggles take place below the surface. The party tries to adapt itself to the policy of that section which dominates it at the time. Hence it changes chameleon-like its colors in accordance with its moods and surroundings.

If we wish to understand the English labor movement we must bear in mind that history and tradition have shaped its character, that British and foreign influences have molded its policy and views. The British trade unions may be traced back to the Middle Ages. They are the direct successors of the old guilds, which aimed at improving the conditions of the workers by strictly laying down methods of production and of sale, by limiting production and the number of apprentices, by artificially keeping prices high, etc. The British trade unions continued this policy. They were secret societies, like their predecessors. They supported their members when ill or out of work, and enabled them to offer a united front against the employers.

Modern Socialism arose on the Continent. The early Socialists were middle class men who aimed at political revolution. They were driven from the Continent by the reactionary Gov-

ernments of the time, and many of them found a refuge in England. In the opinion of Karl Marx and of his disciples England, which at that time was industrially most highly developed, offered the most favorable conditions for a social revolution. The foreign fugitives threw themselves into the fray and preached revolution with the greatest zest. However, they discovered that their general appeals failed to move the stolid people, and it occurred to them that the powerful trade unions might be converted into most valuable instruments of revolutionary propaganda. With this aim in view they insinuated themselves into the ultra-conservative trade unions, which were devoted exclusively to benevolent and industrial aims. By trickery and violence they obtained control over the executive committees, and converted the unions into political organizations which aimed at the overthrow of the existing order. The Labor Party shows the duality of the movement. It consists of the trade unions, some of which are frankly revolutionary in character while others are liberal and conservative, and of a number of Socialist societies and organizations. The two branches of the Labor Party have grown in the following most remarkable manner:

|        | <i>Trade union<br/>membership</i> | <i>Socialist<br/>membership</i> | <i>Total mem-<br/>bership</i> |
|--------|-----------------------------------|---------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1902-3 | 847,315                           | 13,835                          | 861,150                       |
| 1914   | 1,572,391                         | 33,230                          | 1,612,147                     |
| 1920   | 4,317,537                         | 42,270                          | 4,359,807                     |
| 1921   | 3,973,558                         | 36,803                          | 4,010,361                     |

It will be noticed that between 1902 and 1914 the membership of the Labor Party grew by about 90 per cent., but it almost trebled between 1914 and 1920. It will also be noticed that the trade unions provide the overwhelming majority of its members. In 1920 they furnished a little more than 99 per cent. of the members, and the avowed Socialists a little less than one per cent. However, the Socialist tail wags the Labor dog. The small but powerful Socialist societies, which are dominated not by working men but by middle class intellectuals, such as Sidney Webb, George Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, and others, dominate in turn the great Labor Party. Incidentally it should be mentioned that there are in Great Britain about 8,000,000 trade

## WHAT THE ENGLISH LABOR PARTY WANTS 451

unionists. In many of the most important industries all the workers are trade unionists. The extraordinary growth of trade unionism during the last decade was due to Government action. Desirous of obtaining the votes of the organized workers, British politicians placed the trade unions above the law. So-called peaceful picketing has been made legal. The funds of the unions have been made inviolable. The Trade Disputes Act reads:

An action against a trade union, whether of workmen or masters, or against any members or officials thereof on behalf of themselves and all other members of the trade union in respect of any tortious act alleged to have been committed by, or on behalf of, the trade union, shall not be entertained by any court.

The trade unions are empowered to collect political subscriptions, which are lumped together with the non-political dues. The financial position of these organizations, which formerly insured their members against unemployment, illness, death, etc., was greatly eased by Government insurance, whereby the principal functions of the trade unions were transferred to the State. Thus the trade unions were made political fighting organizations pure and simple, and were given a privileged position above the law. Naturally the leaders of the movement made the best use of the powers which had been rashly thrust into their hands. They forced all the workers in various industries to join the unions. They introduced the most rigorous discipline among their members, and they endeavored to carry out the Class War in accordance with the views of the Socialists.

British labor is frequently described in England as a giant with feet of clay. It is certainly a giant which can easily be managed by an enterprising pigmy. Individually the British working-man is rather conservative than liberal. He is not fond of innovation in politics or in industry. However, organized labor has always been amenable to the direction of a few advocates of violence, who have succeeded in obtaining control of the movement by fraud or by force. Hence the British Labor Party has readily become a champion of the most un-British policies imported from abroad, from Marxian Socialism to French Syndicalism and Communism, and to Russian Bolshevism.

The British Labor Party pursues at the same time industrial

and political aims. The two should be considered separately. Curiously enough, while the party is revolutionary in the realm of politics, it is conservative, or rather reactionary, in economic matters. True to the spirit of the mediæval guilds, the organized British workers believe that they can improve their position by keeping output low, by opposing the introduction of improved machinery, and by demanding high wages in respect of a very unsatisfactory output. How extremely low output per worker is in Great Britain may be seen by comparison with the United States. The only census of production taken in Great Britain refers to 1907. The American census of production nearest in date was in 1909. The two may be summarized as follows:

|                                                                              | <i>Number of<br/>Workers</i> | <i>Value of<br/>Products</i> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------|------------------------------|
| United States, private manufacturing industries only, in 1909                | 6,615,046                    | £4,134,421,000               |
| United Kingdom, industries of all kinds, including public utilities, in 1907 | 6,019,746                    | £1,617,340,000               |

Since the time when these censuses were taken the disproportion has greatly increased. In the manufacturing industries a single American workman produces as much as three Englishmen, measured by wholesale prices, which are approximately equal in the two countries. In mining, agriculture and railway transport, the disproportion to England's disadvantage is even greater. The automatic loom was invented in England. Yet it is practically unused in Lancashire, while several hundred thousand are used in the United States. The late Mr. Frederick W. Taylor, the efficiency engineer, wrote to me:

Years ago I arrived at the conclusion that under-production was the most serious problem that England had to face. . . .

To illustrate the restriction of output, we had in our works a locomotive and car-wheel tyre rolling machine, which was brought from Tangye Brothers in England, and all the apparatus connected with this machine came from England. We had a splendid set of English workmen—that is they were fine fellows, and were very skilled workers and personally not lazy or shiftless—to run this machine, and yet after working at it for three or four years they refused to turn out more than fifteen tyres per day. We called their attention over and over again to the fact that at this rate of production we were making no profit whatever; that it was absolutely necessary to increase the production

## WHAT THE ENGLISH LABOR PARTY WANTS 453

of this machine. All of our persuasion and all of our talk was of no avail whatever and we were finally obliged to discharge the whole lot of them, to get every man outside the works, and ourselves to train an entirely new and green set of American workmen, who had never seen a machine of this sort. Within three months after training them in, we had increased the output from fifteen to twenty-five tyres a day, and this output went on, right on the same machine, increasing until, three or four years later, we had an output of 150 tyres a day.

The great obstacle which you have to overcome in England is not the unwillingness of the manufacturers to use modern machinery, but the unwillingness of your workmen to properly use modern machinery after it is installed.

During the last decade the power of the trade unions and of the Labor Party has grown enormously, and their economic activities have been devoted to the Class War preached by the Socialists who control them. The Socialist directors of the movement have exploited to the utmost the inveterate tendency of the British workers to keep output low and to oppose improvements in the methods of production. During the World War and the years following it they have encouraged the workers to demand higher and ever higher wages in respect of an ever decreasing output. The effect of that policy was seen by the shrinkage of British exports. Measured by volume, British exports in March, 1920, were equal to only 71.3 per cent. of the exports of 1913, and they declined in June, 1921, when the lowest ebb was reached, to only 38.4 per cent.

The agitators dominating the Labor Party brought about a series of the most gigantic strikes, such as a universal coal strike and a nation-wide railway strike, which England has ever experienced. Compared with these the recent American strikes were unimportant because they were only partial. The effect of that disastrous policy may be gauged from the following figures:

|      | <i>No. of strikers</i> | <i>No. of working<br/>days lost</i> |
|------|------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1919 | 2,575,000              | 34,903,000                          |
| 1920 | 1,937,000              | 27,111,000                          |
| 1921 | 1,794,000              | 86,000,000                          |

How gigantic the loss to British industry and the British workers was may be gauged by the fact that the great coal, railway and iron strikes forced many connected factories to close

down for a great many months, that the figures given show only the smaller part of the mischief wrought, that the coal strike alone inflicted a calculable money loss far exceeding £500,000,000. We have been told that British labor has been sobered by the terrible period of unemployment which followed the great strike year. Of that there is little evidence in the most recent publications of the Labor Party. For instance, in *The Labor Speaker's Handbook* which was issued a short time before the general election, we read, with regard to the period of strikes which converted the after-war boom into a slump of unprecedented severity:

The comparatively small number of strikes which have taken place during the period of economic readjustment were not strikes against the community. *They arose from the necessity of protecting the community from the rapacity of the exploiting class, and of resisting unjust and unreasonable demands made by the employers upon the trade unions.*

The italics are in the original. The attempts to freeze and starve the people into surrender to a few schemers desiring to introduce Bolshevism—during thirteen weeks in 1921 all the mines without exception came to a complete standstill—are now declared to have been undertaken “from the necessity of protecting the community”.

British industry has been stagnant for a long time, principally owing to the restrictive policy pursued by organized labor. How disastrously that policy has affected the British industries in general may be seen by the changes which have taken place in England and Germany in the production of iron. The figures given are representative of those relating to many other industries:

|      | <i>In Germany</i> | <i>In United Kingdom</i> |
|------|-------------------|--------------------------|
| 1890 | 4,658,000 tons    | 8,033,000 tons           |
| 1913 | 19,292,000 “      | 10,260,000 “             |

Between 1890 and 1913 English iron production increased by 20 per cent, while German iron production increased by more than 300 per cent. In 1890 England produced almost twice as much iron as Germany, while in 1913 Germany produced almost twice as much iron as the United Kingdom. In steel the position has changed no less strikingly to England's disadvantage.

When the war was over, there was every chance of England

experiencing a prolonged period of unparalleled prosperity. The world was starving for manufactured goods of every kind. Half the machinery on the European continent had been smashed up or carried away. Germany had no raw materials. England with her industries intact might once more have become the workshop of the world, to the great advantage of her workers. The boom which began immediately after the Armistice was perfectly justified. However, British organized labor refused to play its part. The workers insisted on vastly increased wages for a diminishing output, and the fatal result of that selfish and short-sighted policy was increased by reckless strikes.

The British Government weakly and foolishly gave way to the demands of labor. Owing to official intervention, gigantic subsidies, wage increases and doles of every kind were provided. Labor insisted upon consuming far more than it produced. For a time this policy was made possible by drawing upon the accumulated funds of the nation. The value of the British currency declined rapidly. If the reckless policy of the Labor Party had been continued much longer, the English pound would have gone down like the German mark. Labor would have bankrupted the country. That, indeed, was the aim of those who controlled the activities of the Labor Party. Under-production and boundless waste combined were to lead to the downfall of the capitalist system. Happily the nation awoke before it was too late. Instead of financing reckless labor by means of unlimited note printing, the Government called a halt at the eleventh hour. The determination to preserve an honest currency led to the raising of the bank rate and of the interest rate which, indeed, was made necessary by the exhaustion of the liquid funds of the nation which had been dissipated by the Labor Party. Thus the after-war boom was followed by a slump of unprecedented severity. Millions of workers were placed before the alternative of keeping their employment by reducing the swollen costs of production either by increasing their output or by accepting lower wages, or of losing their employment because many industries were carried on at an unbearable loss. Encouraged by the Labor Party, the workers refused to abandon the established standards of remuneration and of totally in-

sufficient production, and the result was a general closing down of industries and unprecedented unemployment. At one time between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 were unemployed.

The leaders of the Labor Party have been responsible for the terrible reaction and for the prolonged period of unprecedented unemployment. They knew quite well that England could not live beyond her means, that the industries of the country could not flourish as long as labor consumed far more than the value which it was producing. Immediately after the Armistice the walls of all the factories were plastered with posters signed by the labor leaders, in which the workers were told that their prosperity could be secured only by producing more, that national consumption could not be increased unless production was increased at a similar rate. However, that policy was not in accordance with the traditional spirit of the British trade unions, and it was condemned by the Socialist wire-pullers who wished to bring about hard times in the hope that widespread suffering and despair might enable them to carry through the revolution which was their aim. Hence the Labor Party held capital responsible for widespread unemployment, and it demanded relief for the unemployed by a policy of universal doles, of expensive public works and of universally reduced output. In other words, it aimed not at the relief of unemployment but at the complete ruin of the property owners and of industry and commerce.

The principal aim of the Labor Party is not to benefit labor, but to destroy capitalism and to bring about the social revolution. That aim has not been abandoned. In one way or another almost every proposal of the party pursues that end which is its guiding star. That may be seen by its activities previous to the recent general election. Arthur Henderson, the elected head of the party, stated a few days before the general election:

Labor has declared war against the organization of industry and society called private enterprise. . . . Against this system, called private enterprise, labor has declared war by constitutional means.

One of the pet schemes of the British Labor Party is a gigantic Capital Levy. In order to make the proposal attractive to large

numbers of middle class men, the party hypocritically asserts that such a levy would be in the best interest of commerce and trade. The official labor manifesto, issued immediately before the last general election, stated:

Labor recognizes the urgent need of lifting from the trade and industry of the country the dead weight burden of the National Debt. It therefore proposes the creation of a War Debt Redemption Fund by a special graduated levy on fortunes exceeding £5,000.

England is tremendously overtaxed. With two-fifths the inhabitants, and with only one-fifth the wealth and income, of the United States, it pays considerably more in taxation than that country. The burden is almost unbearable. There would perhaps be no objection to a Capital Levy if it were to take the place of ordinary taxation, if the people were given the option of paying a lump sum instead of a number of yearly instalments. However, this is not the idea of the Labor Party. It wishes to accompany a gigantic levy with vastly increased taxes on wealth and income, with the object of taxing the capitalists out of existence. In its election manifesto and in countless other pronouncements it has promised to the workers vastly increased prosperity accompanied by much greater leisure, which means less work, less production. The very able controllers of the party know, of course, that prosperity means an abundance of necessary and useful goods and nothing else, and that an abundance of these can be created only by increasing output and not by transferring capital from one section of the community to the other, or by distributing bits of paper, called money. They deliberately make use of the popular delusion that money is wealth and that national prosperity can be increased quite easily by financial jugglery and taxation tricks. In *The Labor Speaker's Handbook* we read, with regard to the Capital Levy:

The policy of the Labor Party is to wipe out once and for all the whole or a great part of the debt by a levy on all accumulated wealth. The repayment of the whole of the National Debt is practicable and desirable in the national interest. We propose it as a practical measure which should meet with wide support. The levy should be devised to raise at least £4,000,000,000. . . .

A special feature of the levy would be that the taxpayer would have the option of handing over securities instead of money. Thus the levy would not

cause the forced realization of stocks and shares which opponents allege. A levy of £4,000,000,000 would reduce national expenditure by over £200,000,000 a year. As a result it would be possible to give relief to taxpayers in many ways.

To a working class family of five persons, this would mean a saving of 4/- a week. Also most professional men, shopkeepers, small business men and many others, would gain by the Levy. . . . If the Labor Party policy were carried out and food taxes abolished, together with the entertainment tax, and the tobacco duty reduced by half, the relief to the average family of five persons would amount to about 4/- per week.

Tobacco has come to take the place of, at any rate, a conventional necessity to many. The entertainments tax may have been necessary during the war, but as a tax for normal times it is indefensible, for it is little better than the bad old "tax on knowledge." Drama, music and even the cinema are agencies which the State should encourage.

The extracts given faithfully summarize the taxation policy of the Labor Party. It is a policy of deception and of gross immorality. The capital of the capitalists consists of the machinery of production and of civilization, and of nothing else, and the distribution of that capital or the taxation of the income derived from it will not increase the stock of consumable goods available for the masses. These can be increased only by starving the rich and the well-to-do, as has been done in Russia. However, by that procedure the available goods would be increased only quite insignificantly because the rich and well-to-do are few. The masses are told that an abundance of food, clothes, house room, furniture, amusements, etc., can miraculously be created by seizing £4,000,000,000 of accumulated wealth at one stroke and by seizing the rest by means of vastly increased taxes. Perhaps never in the world's history a larger and a more dishonest proposal of general bribery has been brought forward.

The mischievous activity of the Labor Party is by no means limited to attempts to ruin capitalism, which means to ruin commerce and industry, by the policy of underproduction, hostility to machinery and to improved methods, unlimited subsidies and doles, and unlimited State expenditure accompanied by a ruinous increase of taxation. It is not limited to proposals of nationalizing the industries of the country and of carrying out unproductive public works on the most gigantic scale. As previously stated, the party is composed of Conservative, Liberal, Socialist and

revolutionary elements, and labor has allowed itself to be directed by foreign advocates of violence. In the past German and French influences were paramount. Since the Russian revolution, Bolshevik inspiration and Bolshevik funds have largely influenced the policy of the British Labor Party.

It is notorious that for years the emissaries of Lenin and Trotsky have spent gigantic sums in England in the hope of bringing about a revolution on the Russian model. In accordance with the policy pursued by German and French Socialists in the past, the Russian emissaries and their British agents insinuated themselves into the trade unions and endeavored to obtain control over them by persuading, bribing or overawing the directing personages or committees. They were only too successful. For a long time British labor was made to believe that ideal conditions prevailed in Russia. The activities of the Russian and pro-Russian agitators were powerfully supported by the labor press which had fallen under Moscow's control. The three largest trade union organizations, comprising practically all the coal miners, the railway men and the general transport workers engaged at the ports, on the roads, etc., formed an alliance with a view to bringing about a revolution and taking over the Government of the country. It was expected that the three organizations mentioned could starve the nation into surrender.

It should not be thought that the advocates of a revolution on the Russian model limit themselves to agitation by speeches and by means of the labor press which they have captured. They have clearly shown that they would not flinch from revolutionary action, and have thus given to the nation the clearest and the most unmistakable warning. Bolshevized labor has done its utmost to injure the country. It has encouraged attacks upon England in Ireland, Egypt and India, and has striven to bring about the Bolshevization of Europe by causing Soviet Russia to triumph over its opponents.

Organized labor had for a long time demanded the recognition of the Bolshevik Government and the abandonment of the Border States to their fate. In August, 1920, the Bolshevik armies were overrunning Poland to the delight of their sympathizers in England. When Warsaw was almost within their

grasp, England and France hastily considered steps for saving Poland and all Continental Europe from being overwhelmed by the Bolshevik flood. British labor, guided by the pro-Bolshevist wire-pullers, meant to make Russia's triumph certain, and prepared everything for a Bolshevik revolution by creating the Council of Action. That body was to play the part of the Central Soviet, to abolish Parliament, and to take over the government of the country. *The Daily Herald* of August 14, 1920, stated:

The Council of Action is entrusted definitely with the executive power to call out, at a moment's notice, and without question, this or that section of the Labor Movement. It can organize, and is prepared to organize, complete control of foreign policy, and of that domestic production and distribution of commodities which, in the last resort, determines policy.

The fact that the Council of Action was preparing to "control foreign policy" was made clear by the dispatch of two ambassadors, Messrs. Adamson and Gosling, to France, who were to arrange for the coöperation of French labor. The Right Hon. J. H. Thomas frankly confessed that the Council of Action meant "a challenge to the British Constitution", while Mr. Bromley, another prominent labor leader, stated, according to *The Daily Herald* of August 17: "I have just come from London where, for purposes of peace and war, the fifteen of us have practically taken over the government of the country in this particular issue."

Unfortunately the influence of Russian Bolshevism is still alive. It is true the acute danger has disappeared. The labor leaders are no longer prepared to "take over the government of the country". However, the central and the local organizations, formed on the model of the Soviets, are still in existence and they may prove a danger. The Russian emissaries and their sympathizers are merely biding their time and are waiting for a moment favorable for action. Money continues flowing from Russia to England. The activity of the papers and of the agitators in Russian pay is as great as ever. For the moment the Communist-Bolshevist section of the Labor Party is quiescent. The party finds it in its interest to turn towards the public its trade union aspect. However, interesting and noteworthy de-

velopments have taken place since the leader of the Labor Party in the House of Commons has become the official leader of the Opposition and an aspirant to the succession to the Premiership. In the previous House of Commons the party was represented principally by trade union officials and representatives, and the Right Hon. J. R. Clynes, an exceedingly able trade unionist, had been selected as their leader. The recent general election vastly increased the number of labor members. They form now a quarter of the House of Commons. However, although, as previously shown, about 99 per cent of the members of the party are trade unionists, while less than one per cent belong to Socialist organizations proper, the labor members recently elected chose as leader not one of themselves, not a trade unionist, but Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, a Socialist journalist and agitator who has been prominent in that powerful Socialist organization which disguises its real aims under the misleading title of the Independent Labor Party.

Before the last general election many labor leaders prophesied that the Government of Mr. Lloyd George would be followed by a Labor Government. Now many voices are heard that a Labor Government will replace that of Mr. Bonar Law; that, in view of the divisions of the Liberal Party, it is the only conceivable alternative Government. Very likely the prophets are mistaken. Socialist labor, far from increasing in strength, seems to be declining. After all, only about half of the organized workers have enrolled themselves in the Labor Party. The great majority of the workers, both organized and unorganized, have voted for Conservative and for Liberal candidates. Last, but not least, the great power of the trade unions is declining. "*L'excès du mal en devient le remède.*" The workers begin to recognize that the trade unions, far from having benefited them, have inflicted upon them the greatest injury, and their revolt against them is becoming more and more pronounced. Considerably more than 1,000,000 organized workers have left the unions. Prolonged unemployment and great strikes have exhausted the vast funds which have been accumulated. Unemployment and dissatisfaction and the revolt against trade unionism are most pronounced in those districts where they were strongest and where Bol-

shevist agitation, inspired and financed from Moscow, was most noticeable. In South Wales, with its anthracite mines and factories, and in Glasgow and about the Clyde, where shipyards and engineering works abound, the agitation for higher and higher wages was strongest and strikes were most frequent. The reaction has struck those two districts most severely, and in them the power of the trade unions which used to be absolute has suffered more than anywhere else.

British labor is conservative rather than liberal. The British workers are loyal, patriotic and somewhat stolid. Organizations for the enlightenment of labor have spontaneously arisen among the workers. It may be that labor internationalism will before long be confronted with patriotic organizations. The example of Italy may lead to the creation of an organization comparable with that of the Fascisti. It seems quite possible that from now onward Socialism will lose ground, and that the large number of Socialists in the British Parliament misrepresents the actual position in the country. That is, at least, my personal view.

J. ELLIS BARKER.

# FOUR YEARS OF BOLSHEVIST SCHOOLS

BY WLADIMIR SENSINOFF

ONE of the outstanding examples of the creative skill of the Bolsheviks and the ability of the Communists to solve the problems which confront them is the state of public instruction in Russia. In November, 1917, immediately after the Bolsheviks had seized control of the Government, Anatol Lunacharsky was placed at the head of the educational system of Russia as a member of the Council of People's Commissaries. An enlightened and educated man, and an old member of the Bolshevik party, Lunacharsky was known long before the Revolution of 1917 as the author of a series of books and articles on Socialism, religion and art. He was a contributor to the most prominent Russian periodicals and newspapers, had written a great deal of literary criticism, and was himself the author of a number of dramatic works. It would seem that this ought to have been the most suitable person for a department charged with the entire system of public instruction. As a matter of fact Lunacharsky really issued a number of fine decrees which were intended to establish throughout the country free and compulsory education. They were designed to spread a vast and dense network of schools of every grade, elementary, intermediary and higher.

According to this grand scheme, the Soviet Republic undertook not only the universal education of the people, but the Government also drew up a comprehensive programme of feeding over sixteen million children of school age and the furnishing them with all the necessary supplies at Government expense. Public instruction under the control of the new Communist Government was to become a powerful weapon in the struggle for a new humanity, whose era was to be inaugurated by victorious Communism. With this object in view, the whole educational system which had theretofore existed in Russia, and which had

grown up with the bourgeois system as a background, was repudiated and abolished. All the universities and higher educational institutions, all high schools and urban and rural primary schools, were in part closed and in part reformed. All private schools were abolished. The bourgeoisie was denied the right to educate its children. The duty of a Communist education and training was to be entirely incumbent upon the new Communist powers. The business of public instruction was proclaimed a state monopoly, and the funds and resources of the Central Government were to be the sole source of support for the Russian educational system. Thus read the decrees of the new Government which were signed by the Commissary of Public Instruction, Anatol Lunacharsky.

However, the distance between the decrees of the Bolshevik authorities and reality proved to be vast, far greater than the new Government had expected. As in all other fields of governmental activity, so here, too, the Bolsheviks had overestimated their capacities. It is true that they proved strong enough to destroy the educational system which had existed until then. They were not sufficiently strong to create a new system. To establish in place of the old educational system a new Communist school system would have required a whole army of well-prepared people, thousands of schools, scores of thousands of Communist teachers, and thousands of Communist professors. Yet the need of establishing all this in place of the already destroyed and abolished schools was immediate. It was necessary to do all this while a Red army had to be perfected for the continuation of the civil war, while a new Communist administrative apparatus had to be set up all over the country, and while the regulation of the economic life, of transportation and other important matters had to be carried out.

All this when the nation was completely exhausted by the unprecedented war!

Such were the dreams. And here are the stern realities:

According to the official figures made public in Lunacharsky's report for the third anniversary of the November revolution (1920), there was needed in 1920 for each pupil, in the form of supplies:

|                      | Required       | Granted | Received |
|----------------------|----------------|---------|----------|
| Cotton textiles..... | 16 1/2 arshins | 3 3/4   | 1 1/2    |
| Thread.....          | 1 spool        | 1/6     | 1/20     |
| Wadding.....         | 1 pound        | 1/25    | 1/100    |
| Footwear.....        | 1 pair         | 1/39    | 1/50     |
| Rubbers.....         | 1/50 "         | 1/200   | 1/333    |

Still more tragic was the situation with regard to writing materials. The schedule for each pupil, for half a year, was:

|                 | Required  | Received |
|-----------------|-----------|----------|
| Paper.....      | 30 sheets | 1/15     |
| Pencils.....    | 3 pieces  | 1/60     |
| Pens.....       | 17 "      | 1/22     |
| Penholders..... | 1 "       | 1/12     |
| Copy books..... | 6 "       | 1/2      |
| Ink wells.....  | 1 "       | 1/100    |

In other words, one sheet of paper had to do for fifteen pupils, one pencil for sixty, one pen for twenty-two, and one inkwell for a hundred. Can the reader picture to himself this swarm of children passing on from hand to hand, like some precious object, that treasured piece of pencil, or waiting for their turn for the pen, or crowding impatiently around the inkwell? Thus Lunacharsky's own figures cruelly dispel the dreams of universal education which he himself had put on paper.

The material condition of the school teachers may be inferred from the statistical data furnished in the report of the Commissariat which was prepared (but not published) for the Eighth Soviet Congress in December, 1920. According to these data, "it has been established that pauperism among the teaching profession in fourteen Provinces reaches an extent of 100%, and in the other Provinces from 30 to 40%. Generally speaking, about one half of all the teachers are literally starving."

The appropriation for the Commissariat of Public Instruction in the general state budget for 1920 ranks in the fourth place officially. "We have a right to feel proud over our apportionment of credits," declare the Bolsheviki in the official report published for general information. "If these sums were to be appropriated in full, the world would witness an unusual advancement of education in the Russian Soviet Republic," writes

Lunacharsky himself. "But," he continues somewhat more modestly, "unfortunately the People's Commissariat of Public Instruction must note that a certain portion of these sums has not reached its final destination." It has turned out in reality that not more than about one-tenth part of all these paper appropriations, over which the Bolshevist government considers itself entitled to feel proud, has reached its final destination.

In September, 1921, at a Congress of Educators, Lunacharsky referred to the allocation of ten per cent of the total budget for education as being "an unattainable ideal for which we must fight with all our might". As a matter of fact, it was found that not more than three to four per cent had gone towards public instruction. But according to the calculations of competent persons the actual disbursements for public instruction should be reckoned still lower, *i.e.*, not higher than from one to one and one-half per cent. Under the old régime, in prerevolutionary Russia, the state expenditures for education made up eight per cent of the budget.

But this is not all. In civilized countries the Central Government usually carries not more than a fourth or a fifth of the total expenditure on education; the rest falls on the local Government. In prerevolutionary times the disbursements of the Central Government for public instruction amounted to about one-third of the country's total expenditures for this purpose. In the Soviet Republic, as has been pointed out, the treasury of the Central Government is the sole source of support for educational enterprise, and thus we see that the actual expenditures for this purpose are now still lower than they were under the old régime.

Such is the sad picture of the state of public instruction according to official data. Vast schemes, vast promises—and paltry, miserable results.

The Educators' Congress referred to above, held in September, 1921, was compelled to point out the sad results of the work accomplished by the Commissariat of Public Instruction. It turned out that the People's Commissariat of Public Instruction was not only unable to support the schools and pupils, but even

the teachers themselves. Official data tended to bring out the fact that the teachers were not paid their salaries for anywhere from four to five months at a time; and in September, 1921, the Government owed the teachers of Russia up to fifteen billion rubles, at the salary rate of two thousand to three thousand rubles a month, *i.e.*, an amount sufficient at that time to buy one pound of black bread. According to a very optimistic estimate, not more than an average of about seven per cent of actual living costs were covered by the salaries paid throughout Russia to the teachers. The result was that the Commissariat of Public Instruction was forced to admit that it had been unable to maintain the teaching personnel even at the lowest starvation level. Lunacharsky's assistant, Litkens, wrote in his report: "We actually supply only seven per cent of our school needs. The State practically fails to maintain its institutions, does not pay salaries and does not feed the personnel."

This was the state of affairs in 1921. It grew still worse in 1922. According to the figures of the Central Statistical Administration, there were in the year 1921 in Russia, outside the Ukraine (*i.e.*, for a population of more than one hundred millions), only 75,467 schools with an attendance of only 4,702,500 children from eight to eleven years of age, out of a total of 9,229,000 children of that age. In other words almost half the children had been left without schooling. In 1922, according to the official *Izvestia*, there were left in the twenty-seven Provinces of European Russia and in Siberia only 40,287 schools, with 2,852,676 pupils.

In the beginning of 1922 the General Government budget was 1,800,000,000 gold rubles (\$900,000,000). Out of this sum 1,200,000,000 rubles were appropriated for the army and the defense of the country, and of the remaining 600,000,000 rubles only 26,000,000 rubles, or thirteen million dollars, were allotted for public instruction. Compare this with the more than sixty-eight million dollars appropriated in 1916 by the State of New York for elementary schools only.

Most of the primary schools are closed, school buildings are ruined, teachers, books and supplies are lacking. The intermediary schools are in a similar condition. Practically all

educational institutions, children's homes, and colonies are closed. The condition of the higher institutions of learning is no better. There remain only five universities for all of Russia at the present moment; there were ten universities before the Revolution. But even these are open only to students recommended by the Communist Party and the trade unions. Non-Communist youths may gain admission only if there are free vacancies left, besides having to pay a fee of five hundred million rubles paper, which is beyond the reach of ninety-five per cent of the population. The study of the humanities at the universities has ceased, non-Communist instructors have been either deported, or killed, or have died prematurely, or been dismissed. A sufficient ground for deportation is failure on the part of a professor to approve of Communist teachings, or, as was recently officially stated, if the professor "holds to a school of thought which is incompatible with the teachings of Communism".

The American public is familiar with the tragic picture of Russian professors and scholars brought out of Russia by Mr. H. G. Wells early in 1921. This is how another observer who had but recently arrived from Russia describes his meeting with some Russian professors:

In Moscow I met a professor of the University of Perm who had come as a delegate. In a torn, dirty overcoat, with an old and torn cap and with boots from which his feet, covered with filthy cloth socks, could be seen protruding, a bag on his shoulders, unshaven, and exhausted and unwashed after a seven days' journey in a freight car, he was immeasurably far removed from the ordinary picture of a college professor. I frequently met also S. A. Kotliarevski, Professor of Constitutional Law of Moscow University. He, also, wore torn boots from which his toes were protruding, and he was suffering from some kind of skin disease caused by undernourishment. The vast majority of scientists, writers and teachers are starving and freezing in the winter time in unheated rooms, serving in various Soviet institutions, peddling books, underwear and dishes in the market places. In the summer they go out to work in the truck gardens etc., in order to make a bare living. Only a few are living nearly as well as they used to before and are able to do their work as in previous normal years. Schools of every description, beginning with the universities and ending with the village schools, laboratories, libraries, museums etc., are left unheated and without repair, some of them being half deserted and others entirely so, and crumbling into ruins. At the lectures the professors and students keep on their caps, overcoats and gloves.

"Lack of local funds and of support by the central government," writes Lunacharsky, "is plunging Russia into a state of Asiatic barbarism." The *Izvestia* of October 15, 1922, writes: "A wave of darkness and ignorance is sweeping Soviet Russia! The teacher is barefooted and starving, he lives in the cold, and he flees the school for other more remunerative employment." At a teachers' congress held in Vologda Province a resolution was adopted recommending that "educational workers save themselves by fleeing wherever there is a possibility".

"The school in our village is closed," writes a peasant of Pskov Province. "No salary has been paid to the teachers and nothing has been furnished to the school, neither paper nor books. The old books we were ordered to burn. As for getting books on the outside that is impossible. And so the little children grow up to be illiterates."

The darkness that has descended upon Russia in the field of education has been the result of the Utopian scheme of the Bolsheviks. They proclaimed that education was to be gratuitous and universal, and in conformity with this plan the school system was to be unitary and secular. The actual result, however, has been that, instead of creating a free school system, the Bolsheviks have only destroyed the existing schools, and so solved the problem of "universality." In the schools that survived they have introduced tuition fees. The result has been that the present schools have become very casual in their character. In the rural districts parents have ceased to send their children to school because of their "secular" character. In the intermediate schools, the teaching of foreign languages was abolished as early as 1919; a rather strange proceeding for an internationally minded Bolshevik Government! The instructors were tied down each to a particular group of scholars, while each teacher was made to teach every subject of the curriculum. It is easily imagined what the result of such a school "system" has been.

A great deal has been written in the official Soviet press about the Bolshevik Government assuming particular care for children of kindergarten age. Much has been written about children's model homes, nurseries, kindergartens and colonies. Visiting

foreigners were shown with a great deal of pride model institutions of that kind in Moscow and Petrograd. But it turned out afterwards that all this was merely intended for propaganda.

These model institutions actually existed, but there were only a few of them in both cities and they sheltered only specially favored children—those of the Commissars and other Soviet dignitaries. In other kindergartens and homes the children were poorly clad, starved, entirely neglected and dying by the tens of thousands. Incompetent persons were in charge, and many of these were morally defective, so that the surviving children frequently contracted the vices of the adults: stealing, prostitution and rowdyism. Here, for example, we have a statement in a report prepared by the Commissar of Public Instruction for the Eighth Soviet Congress (December, 1920) by order of Lunacharsky, but which he himself styled “extremely tactless” and which was therefore never published:

War, famine and pestilence are hourly carrying off more and more fathers and mothers to the grave. The number of orphans and uncared-for children keeps growing with dreadful swiftness. The children are going about famished and cold, begging for alms, learning immoral practices, stealing and causing panic and consternation in the villages. Neglect of children has now reached a terrible extent. In a disorderly swarm, without any organization, the children are making their way to the South, where they know there is warmth and food. The chief of the evacuation point of the Caucasian front has issued an absolutely impossible order: to station detachments of pickets on the roads to let no such children enter Caucasian territory! Similar picket detachments have been stationed in the Don Territory and in other Provinces. The child thus finds himself in a veritable mouse-trap: whichever way he may turn he faces armed men. The child then becomes a little savage. The police and railway authorities round up these famished, savage children, frequently in droves of 100 to 150 at a time, as has been the case at Rostov, in the Kuban Territory and at other places, and send them to the local branches of the Commissariat of Public Instruction. These are unable to handle this avalanche of children and the latter have to stand for days at a time before the gates, trying to enlist the sympathy of the authorities by singing the *Internationale*, and sleeping right there on the side-walks and stairways.

The children's homes offer a ghastly sight. Intended for forty to fifty inmates, they have accommodated one hundred and fifty to two hundred. One bed had to do for six children, or else they sleep on the bare floor, on bundles of straw, or wood shavings, which are very seldom changed and reek with vermin which are eating the children alive. There are no dishes. The

children eat out of some dirty conserve cans or tins which contained axle grease and which they frequently pick up on the streets. There are no spoons, and the children eat their soup without them, forming spoons with their hands. According to the figures of the Department of Child Care of the People's Commissariat of Public Instruction, there were issued in 1920 for each child: six vershok (about ten inches) of textiles and half a zolotnik (about one-fourteenth of an ounce) of wadding; one pair of light footwear for thirty-nine children, one pair of socks for two hundred and sixty-four, one pair of felt boots for three hundred and twelve, and one blanket for 3,124 children. In the summertime the children would be simply stripped naked to have their underwear washed and dried right there in the sun; but in the winter their underwear would remain unchanged for three or four months. Hands and feet are frozen. Chilblains cover the body. Everywhere the children are suffering from the itch, so that their bodies are covered from head to foot with sores, scabs reeking with lice. Such children rot and putrefy while still alive. The older children are addicted to all kinds of vices, play cards, smoke and drink. The girls traffic with their bodies.

It is a shame to have to say that these children are our future, our reliance, our pride and our strength. The children's homes are not nurseries of Communism, but breeding places of counter-revolutionary sentiments which arouse the population against us. So, for instance, during the terrible fire at Saratov, when children were perishing in the flames, the parents prevented us from saving them, saying it were better for them to burn to death rather than suffer and rot alive in the Children's Homes.

Thus reads the official report. Small wonder that it was never published. Moreover, by order of Lunacharsky this report was sought everywhere and destroyed, being taken out of the typewriters and burned, while the stenographers were compelled to sign special assurances that they had turned over to their superiors all the copies they had already managed to prepare.

The same report deals also with the state of primary education:

It is painful to have to say that the schools are forgotten and neglected. All the best school buildings are occupied by the institutions of the War Department, and those which are already restored are nothing but heaps of ruins, with all their windows smashed, doors torn from their hinges, and floors and ceilings demolished. Even where school work and classes could be arranged somehow, they are coming to nothing for lack of teaching personnel, as the instructors abandon the schools because there is absolutely no provision for their material needs. The beggarly salaries are paid to the teachers irregularly, so that they have to wait for periods of six to eight months. Many conscientious pedagogues either literally starve to death or else they end it all by suicide.

The intermediate schools have suffered likewise. All private schools have been abolished. In the "Gymnasia" (high school grades) the seventh and eighth classes (the highest) have been done away with. Language instruction has been abolished, and sociology put in its place. The so-called "practical work processes" are being applied extensively, so that the pupils have to spend their strength scrubbing floors, in the class rooms, corridors, lavatories, cleaning away snow and ice, carrying and distributing firewood, and spending hours, sometimes days, waiting at the storehouses to get ink, paper and pencils.

Somewhat longer has been the life of the higher educational institutions, as their Communization was started only at the close of 1920. In doing so, the attempt has been to increase in every way the number of such institutions, were it only on paper. Thus the Soviet Government boasted in 1921 of twenty-three universities, soon to be increased even to ninety, in place of the former ten universities. But the type of university and instructors represented by these may be inferred from the fact that the university of Veliki Ustiug—one of these new universities—has for its head a person with a criminal past.

Academic freedom in the higher educational system was, of course, abolished definitely. Says Lunacharsky in his report for 1920:

In the domain of higher education we have broken completely with the benevolent attitude towards the autonomy of science. Of course, we recognize it even as desirable and natural, but not in the atmosphere of a proletarian dictatorship. The struggle against autonomy under existing conditions is a struggle against the enslavement of science by the bourgeoisie and its camp followers.

This viewpoint finds a theoretical grounding in another Bolshevik document, the proclamation of a government commission for revising the programme of the humane studies. There we read:

In a society which consists of classes there is not and cannot be any freedom and neutrality of science. The Soviet Government would commit suicide if it were to proclaim the freedom of scientific teaching and research. Having proclaimed a dictatorship of the proletariat in the political and economic domains, the Soviet Government must just as frankly declare that the same dictatorship extends also to science.

It will not be amiss in conclusion to consider the state of the publishing and printing business in Russia, since no education is possible without a free dissemination and publication of books.

As we know, after the Bolsheviki seized the governmental power the printing presses of Russia were nationalized and became the monopoly of the Communist party. The result was a formidable decline of the publishing business. In 1920 the "All-Russian Authors' Union" submitted to Lunacharsky a memorandum, from which we quote the following:

Now they are closing the publishing houses, confiscating our last remnants of paper, shutting down our printing places, stopping the typesetting on manuscripts, and cancelling permits already issued for publications. Russian books on art, criticism, history and philosophy are doomed. Russian Literature ceases to exist. History will not forget to record the fact that in the year 1920, during the first quarter of the twentieth century, Russian authors, as was the case many centuries ago, before the invention of printing, had to write their works by hand in one copy and thus to exhibit them for sale, as no other means of communion with the reader remains. The policy of governmental publication which has monopolized the whole printing business of the country makes the silencing of the living Russian Literature a matter of principle. We note with indignation that the involuntary encroachment upon literature is the murder of literature.

It is only fair to say that towards the close of 1921, as a result of the so-called "new economic policy", when the Soviet Government found itself compelled by economic necessity to renounce economic dictatorship and to allow some freedom of private initiative, a large number of private book-publishing firms at once opened shops in Petrograd and Moscow. Even though all books continue to appear only "by permission of the military censorship," the State has at least ceased to monopolize the publication of books. But the economic life of the country is so thoroughly ruined that the publication of books in present-day Russia is incredibly expensive. The common people go on living without books as heretofore.

Under these circumstances it is easy to imagine what dark ignorance must envelop Russia and in what condition the young generation is growing up. They know nothing and they cannot, in spite of their best will, acquire new knowledge anywhere. The conditions of material existence at present are such that the

children grow up without having even a conception of the most elementary objects and ideas.

Nevertheless, the events of recent years have stirred the soul of the people to its depths. They are passionately striving for knowledge, trying to understand what is going on around them, and to explain the causes of the tragic situation in which they find themselves. All observers of Russian conditions are unanimous in testifying that the common people are thirsting for knowledge, and that they are reaching out with childlike, implicit faith for the book, to seek enlightenment, anxious to grasp every opportunity to learn something new and to escape from the clutches of a horrifying reality. And in this the authorities are prone to see the gravest danger to themselves, and rightly so; they get alarmed whenever they learn that an "illegal" private school is started in a village, seeing in that a manifestation of the "irresistible bourgeois elements".

One of the official reports of the Commissariat of Public Instruction says:

The desire for education is tremendous. Notwithstanding all the difficulties, in spite of the general havoc and consequences of the civil war, which has swept away the entire educational system, and regardless of the famine, we receive every day news about new schools being established through the peasants' own efforts. In a large number of Provinces village schools have come into existence which are being maintained by the peasants pooling their funds, while the authorities are fighting against it.

As all other domains of the national life, the fate of public instruction in Russia to-day depends entirely upon whether the popular forces will succeed in extricating themselves from the clutches of Communist state tutelage.

WLADIMIR SENSINOFF.

# CHATEAUBRIAND AND THE MONROE DOCTRINE

BY W. P. CRESSON

WHEN that brilliant *litterateur*—and occasional statesman—Chateaubriand died in the year 1848, he left behind him fourteen ponderous volumes of *Memoires d'Outre Tombe*. He had intended to seal up these veracious accounts of many activities, and, as the title indicates, to defer their publication till some years after his death. But events that marked the closing months of his life, and a very human desire to hear the way in which these pages of history might be received, caused him to anticipate his earlier designs. The *Memoires* appeared just before their writer disappeared from the scene, nor was he wholly satisfied with the result. The doings of the Restored Bourbons had already ceased to be of any great importance to a changing world.

Although his *apologia* gave a curious impression that his whole diplomatic career had been deliberately modeled on lines suitable for biography, there were many strange reticences concerning some of the most important happenings in which he had played a part. One of these omissions is especially to be deplored at the present time: His introspections contain no reference to the events that led to the promulgation of the Monroe Doctrine.

Monroe in his Message set forth three great principles of foreign conduct, to which on the whole his country has rigidly adhered. The first of these, the principle of non-participation in European affairs, was but a reiteration of the policies laid down by Hamilton and Washington. Non-colonization, the second great principle affirmed, discouraged the pretensions of Russia to extend her influence along the Pacific coast of California. The third principle was laid down in the form of a warning to the Powers of Europe against attempting to "oppress or control" the destinies of any of the free nations of either American continent. This last was directly aimed at the intervention of France and the Holy Alliance in Spanish affairs. It associated the policy

of the United States with that of Great Britain in opposition to the plans of Chateaubriand (then Minister of Foreign Affairs), who aimed to extend the scope of Royalist adventure by establishing a group of Bourbon principalities in South America. To the tortuous diplomacy of this histrionic statesman we therefore owe the most sonorous and popular article of our great national creed.

Although but little read or appreciated by the present generation, even in France, Chateaubriand was one of the most admired writers of his day. Mankind, like architecture and painting, has its styles, and the period of the Bourbon Restoration chose for its approval models that now arouse antipathy rather than admiration. The leader of a romantic movement that brought about a revolution in literature, he was by birth and tradition a reactionary in politics. To be born in Brittany is to inherit the beliefs, prejudices and inhibitions of another century. The Chateaubriands were an ancient family of *la Bretagne bretonnante*. The Chateau of Combourg, where he first saw the light, stands between Dinan and St. Malo. "I passed my youth," he writes, "a lonely companion of the winds and tides. These were my earliest inspirations."

After the outcome of the events of 1789 had exiled Chateaubriand from France, he returned to Combourg, and gazing on the ocean horizons that had charmed his boyhood felt their distant imperative call. In a small packet boat, partly laden with French wines, he left St. Malo for America in the early spring of 1791. In later years Chateaubriand, the publicist, attempted to give to these boyish adventures a serious end which it is difficult to reconcile with the circumstances of his departure. In letters to M. de Malherbes he even hints at vast designs "to explore the shores of Hudson Bay", and to wrest from British voyagers the honor of forcing the Northwest Passage! His landing near the Virginia Capes is best told in his own language:

We passed through a little wood of Virginia cedars whose perfume filled the air. I saw on every side mocking birds and cardinals whose songs and plumage announced a new different climate from our own. Herds of cattle were peacefully grazing behind wooden fences along which ran agile squirrels, grey and black. Negro workmen were sawing wood, and cultivating the planta-

tion of tobacco. At a house which resembled both an English farm and a pioneer dwelling, the door was opened to us by a little negress, some fourteen or fifteen years of age, of a rare and extraordinary type of beauty.

It was perhaps fortunate for the susceptible traveller that he embarked almost immediately for the capital at Philadelphia. Here the poet gave place once more to the publicist; the observer with a mission.

To a man like myself, newly landed in the United States (filled moreover with the classical enthusiasms of a Cato seeking everywhere the stern customs of the early Roman republic), the spectacle afforded by the capital; the elegance of the costumes; the luxury of the equipages; the frivolous conversation heard on all sides; the inequality of fortunes, besides the open immorality of the gambling houses and public dance halls, came as a disillusion. Philadelphia was an English city. There was nothing apparent there to differentiate a republic from a monarchy.

An interview with Washington happily restored some of his Spartan illusions:

A small house in the English style, wholly like its neighbor, was the Palace of the American President. Not a sentinel; not even a single lackey. The door was opened by a young maid servant who bid me "walk in", and to await the General in a little ante-room. In a few moments Washington entered, a tall man with an air cold and formal rather than noble; very like his portraits. I presented my letter in silence, and he opened and read it. "Ah, you come from Colonel Armand!" He spoke thus of the Marquis de la Rouairie.

The great American listened with amazement to his visitor's plans regarding the Northwest Passage. His incredulity even somewhat ruffled the poet-geographer. With a "Well! Well! young man!" the traveller was bidden to dinner the following day. On the occasion of this gathering the famous key of the Bastille, presented to Washington by Lafayette, was brought forth, and, perhaps in return for his host's doubts regarding his projected discoveries, Chateaubriand in turn grew sceptical concerning this "talisman of Liberty".

New York the poet found "gay and commercial". From Boston he made a pious pilgrimage to the battlefields of the Revolution, and forgetting his Royalism admired the "mute eloquence" of Lexington, which he compared to Thermopylæ. Embarked upon the Hudson, *La Riviere du Nord*, he heard a

fellow voyager sing a popular ballad lamenting the fate of Major André, and approved the generous cult with which that unfortunate Briton's death was even then surrounded. At Albany he proposed to plunge into the wilderness. He seriously considered "studying the languages of the Sioux and Iroquois", and, possibly to facilitate his journeys to the Northwest, "some notions of Esquimault". His first actual contact with the Indian ended in disillusion: "In the midst of the forest I saw a wooden cabin wherein were gathered some twenty savages, men and women, painted like sorcerers, and more than half naked. Their ears were clipped to sharp points, crow feathers adorned their head dress, and brass rings pierced their nostrils. A little Frenchman, powdered and beribboned in the style of other days, scraped upon a violin, while to the tune of *Madelon Friquet* these noble Iroquois danced like demons." He spoke of them as "*Ces messieurs sauvages*" and "*Ces dames sauvagesses*". We cannot but suspect some more travelled compatriot hugely enjoying an opportunity to introduce the "tenderfoot" explorer to the customs of the forests.

A voyage by way of Niagara to the Great Lakes, and down the Ohio to the Mississippi, certainly placed him in a position to present savage America to his countrymen, and to dogmatize upon the customs and polity of the Red Man with all the authority of a La Salle or a Montcalm.

But between the triumphant publication of *Atala* and the author's return from America a period of stormy exile was to intervene. Chateaubriand learned the news of Louis XVI's execution during the course of his wanderings along the Ohio, and without hesitation set forth to join the avenging armies of the Prince of Condé. He fought side by side with the officers of his old regiment during the campaign of 1792, and came near dying of sickness and wounds during the ignominious retreat of the Royalist Crusaders from Namur. Almost by a miracle he escaped to the Island of Jersey where he was nursed back to life by the family of a cousin, a penniless refugee like himself. It was hunger and exile that drove the young poet to take up a form of writing which was to lay the foundation of his material prosperity, if not of his literary fame.

The first of his politico-literary effusions was his *Essai sur les Révolutions*. Beginning with a documented account of popular movements in Greece and Rome, and the British Revolution of 1648, he attempted to draw a historical parallel to the recent events in France. This "Outline of History" was a not too reactionary attempt to explain to a bewildered world the cause and results of recent stupendous changes. It came at an opportune time and achieved immediate success. Exploiting this popularity he returned to France, where even the republican press, veering towards the Brumaire, had acclaimed his talents. With the profits of the *Essai* he revived a famous old literary review, *Le Mercure de France*. The publication of his American novel *Atala* soon followed, and his long reign as the arbiter of French letters began.

Although for a short time he served Napoleon as a Secretary of Legation at Rome, it was not until the return of the Bourbons in 1814 that Chateaubriand began the career as a statesman which had always been the object of his secret ambitions. His pamphlet *Napoleon et les Bourbons*, a brilliant piece of what today would be called propaganda, had placed Louis XVIII and the restored dynasty under a deep obligation. After the Hundred Days and the Second Restoration, while acting as Louis's Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, the first real opportunity occurred to display his talents as a diplomat.

The international Congress of Verona, not unlike similar conferences held a century later, was principally justified by the necessity of clearing up questions and differences raised at previous reunions of the Allies. Chateaubriand was chosen by Louis XVIII as his representative at Verona in the hope that his "liberal principles" would counterbalance the vagaries of the mystical ultra-royalist Montmorency, who headed the French delegation.

At first his appointment seemed justified. As both Louis and Villele had foreseen, the persuasions of Alexander soon entangled Montmorency in a network of statements, favorable to the Czar's desire for an intervention in Spain. An expeditionary force composed of contingents furnished by all the Allies was the only solution, the Czar idealist insisted, for this "European

matter". When Chateaubriand replaced Montmorency (relegated to obscurity with the title of Duke), both as Minister of Foreign Affairs and as the principal French delegate at the Congress of Verona, the Czar soon made him a convert to his "Sublime Idea". His pleasure in at last filling a post worthy of his talents and the services he had rendered the House of Bourbon was made childishly apparent. To figure at last among the conspicuous group of rulers and statesmen who, passing from conference to conference, formed the policies of Europe, appealed to Chateaubriand's histrionic conception of his own importance. With all the enthusiasm of a dramatist he began the preparation of an international "situation" in which he should inevitably become the principal figure.

The attentions of Alexander, a dangerous charmer, ended in completely fascinating the poet-diplomatist. In spite of his explicit instructions, he now saw the "necessity" of a war between France and Spain. "The Czar understood us," he writes in the tiresome plural number which he adopted for his account of these events in the *Congress de Verone*, "and we immediately understood the Czar." Even Metternich, another statesman who always seems to have negotiated with an eye to the composition of his memoirs, failed to advance such a pretension!

In one respect, however, Chateaubriand avoided the errors of Montmorency. His instructions directed him to "preserve for France an absolute liberty of action". He insisted upon the right of the chief of the House of Bourbon to reap the facile laurels which he believed would accrue from an expedition to restore the absolute power of Ferdinand VII. All his efforts were now turned towards persuading Louis and the cautious Prime Minister, Villele, that Spain was no longer the united country whose patriotic resistance had defeated the best Marshals of Napoleon. A recent journey (resulting in an admired romance, *Le Dernier des Abencerrages*) had made him an authority concerning that country! Again he was "the man who had been there".

King Louis finally allowed himself to be convinced. On January 28, 1823, a speech from the throne declared that an army of one hundred thousand men led by a prince of the royal house

would maintain the rights of the Spanish grandson of Henry IV, threatened by republicans and the revolutionary "sects". It was a military expedition wherein the nobles of the old régime would fight side by side with the flower of Napoleon's officers. Chateaubriand hastened to confide to his *Memoires* that he alone was responsible for this happy turn of affairs: "The Spanish war is our own doing. We do not hesitate to affirm that our reputation as a statesman will be made by this event."

The event thus hopefully alluded to, while attaining its immediate end, was to have an outcome far different from that anticipated by the poet-minister. The responsibility so lightly claimed was to end in his own undoing. As the famous *Memoires* reveal, the Spanish war was but part of a grandiose scheme which Chateaubriand's romantic imagination had devised. Besides raising France once more to her old position as the first military Power of the continent, he dreamed that this royalist crusade might even strike a fatal blow at republicanism across the sea. In South America, where the Spanish colonies were successfully maintaining the cause of their independence, the power of the Bourbons, restored by Chateaubriand, was to turn back the hand of time. At the head of a confederation of American kingdoms and principalities he dreamed of placing the younger sons of this royal house, who might be unprovided with European thrones. Thus at one stroke he believed that the republican danger might be conjured and, at the same time, history would see in himself the Warwick of a whole new world.

Nor was this plan as wholly visionary as may well appear at the present time. A strong monarchical movement existed in South America. The republican form of government was still an exotic in the southern continent. On May 28, 1822, Chateaubriand had written to Montmorency:

Peru has adopted a monarchical constitution. The policy of Europe should direct all its efforts toward obtaining a similar result in all the colonies which declare their independence. The United States fears the establishment of an Empire in Mexico. If the New World ever becomes entirely republican, the monarchies of the Old World will perish.

As the learned Señor de Villaneuva has shown in his study entitled *La Monarquía en America*, so strong was this royalist

sentiment that at one time there was even question of restoring to the throne of a confederation of the old provinces one of the native descendants of the murdered Inca, Manco Capac. The monarchical form of government was everywhere supported by the Church, which kept its hold upon the native population in spite of the spread of liberal ideas among the colonists. Venezuela, the first among the colonies to raise the standard of revolt, had for some time hesitated between a republican constitution and a monarchical form of government. "It was only through the influence of the American Consul that a constitution was finally adopted modelled upon that of the United States." It will thus be seen that Chateaubriand's plans (to some extent founded upon the confidential reports of the agents of the French foreign office in South America) were not wholly chimerical.

There are moments, however, in the development of great international policies when the results of amateur diplomacy may very closely resemble those obtained by amateur surgery. In his zeal to restore the prestige of the House of Bourbon in Europe and America this diplomatic impressario overlooked several highly essential factors of his problem. The British cabinet, as he rightly supposed, might condone a policy of intervention in Spain, and even welcome the preservation of a monarchical system in the new world. But Chateaubriand left out of his calculations Great Britain's opposition to the Family Pact. This agreement, which had formerly united the policies of the French and Spanish Bourbons, still had its terrors for British statesmen. He forgot, moreover, that the great mercantile interests of England would never tolerate any radical change in a situation that without cost or effort to themselves was rendering obsolete the old system which retained colonial trade as a Spanish monopoly. Most important of all, Chateaubriand failed to observe events which showed more and more clearly that George Canning, who had succeeded Castlereagh in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, had decided to make a clean break with the policy of "concerted" action fostered by the Holy Alliance. Henceforth, he announced, Great Britain "would resume her isolation" and ask only "to revolve in her own orbit". This was a complete abandonment of the

Czar's policy of international solidarity consecrated by a Holy League.

Alexander's actions now clearly showed that his League of Peace was largely dedicated to what Canning characterized as a "policy of meddling". The interior affairs of neighboring states were obviously the principal object of its congresses and conferences. In a note that immediately preceded the march of the Bourbon armies across the Biddassoa, Canning made an eloquent rejoinder to the elegantly phrased arguments of Chateaubriand concerning that Royalist crusade: "Negotiate at least before you invade," he implored. "Leave the Spanish revolution to burn itself out within its own crater. You have nothing to apprehend from the eruption unless you open a channel for the lava through the Pyrenees."

But Chateaubriand, now urged on by the whole pack of the ultra royalist press in triumphant cry against liberalism, was not to be moved from the line of conduct which he had adopted. Spanish intervention had become an issue of French domestic politics. While the French Minister of Foreign Affairs continued his correspondence with Canning, penning his dispatches in the grand style of a minister of the reign of Louis XIV, the new Bourbon armies started on the triumphant march which was to lead them without serious resistance to the walls of Cadiz. Here the Spanish monarch was released from his imprisonment at the hands of his own insurgent "regency". Ferdinand, restored to power, quickly justified every doubt regarding his brutal incapacity and unfitness to reign.

Canning's chief anxiety, however, was not concerned with the fate of the Spanish republicans. He knew that Chateaubriand was already maturing his plans with respect to America and the extension of Bourbon influence overseas. On March 31, just before the Spanish invasion, he had directed the British ambassador in Paris to inform the French Foreign Office that while England had no intention of appropriating for herself any part of Ferdinand's former possessions, she "confidently expected" that France, whatever the results of the intervention might be, "would show an equal spirit of self denial". Stripped of its diplomatic form, the British note was an ultimatum which ren-

dered Chateaubriand's cherished plan hazardous if not impossible. The armada of the Holy Alliance, which he had dreamed might cross the Atlantic to impose the principles of Bourbon legitimacy upon the revolted colonies, was in no position to oppose the navies of Great Britain. It was moreover apparent that in this attitude the British cabinet would soon be able to count upon the coöperation of the United States.

Chateaubriand's plans for an American intervention were to have far-reaching results. On August 16 Richard Rush, the Minister of the United States at the Court of St. James's, called at the British Foreign Office. "Transiently," as he observes, he asked Canning whether "he was justified in supposing" that the latter's note of March 31 addressed to Chateaubriand was not "distinct in its import". Was he right in believing that England would not remain passive "in case France should attempt to control South American destinies"? Or, as concerned the colonies, "attempt to bring them under her dominion either by conquest or by cession from Spain"? In this informal conversation, which nevertheless foreshadowed even the phrasing subsequently used in the Monroe message, Rush expressed his hearty personal approval of the course of British policy. This he knew to be in accord with the views of the cabinet at Washington.

Canning's prompt rejoinder was to throw the astute but cautious American envoy into a state of perplexity, which is reflected with amusing sincerity in his memoirs. "What," asked the British Foreign Minister, "did Mr. Rush think his Government would say to going hand in hand in such a policy?" Here indeed was a question for the cautious Mr. Rush! How would the fraternal gesture proposed react upon public opinion in the United States? The "whole subject", he wrote, "is novel and open to views on which I have deliberated anxiously." On the one hand he realized that the United States had already gone much further in the matter than Great Britain. They had recognized "in the most formal manner" the more important insurgent governments. On the other hand he was equally convinced of "the danger of pledging my government to any measure of foreign policy which might now or hereafter implicate it in the federated system of Europe." The latter danger was but the more immi-

ment from the fact that the Czar and Chateaubriand were already trimming their sails to meet the storm. All the machinery of Alexander's Holy League was to be put in motion in order to give to their policy a tone of disinterested international action. A congress in Europe or "some other concert and consultation specifically on the affairs of South America", Mr. Rush reported, was openly rumored among the European chancelleries. Nor were the American Minister's perplexities lessened by Mr. Canning's logical statement that only "the coöperation of the United States with England through my instrumentality would ward off altogether the meditated jurisdiction of the European powers in the New World." His anxiety was to continue through many weeks. In Washington the Monroe Doctrine was being slowly forged out in a series of stormy sessions of the cabinet. As Jefferson saw and reported to the President, "Its consequence is not her (Britain's) war, but ours. Its object is to introduce and establish the American system, of keeping out of our land all foreign Powers—of never permitting those of Europe to intermeddle with the affairs of our nations."

Finally, to Mr. Rush, anxiously awaiting in London the result of these debates, came the full text of Monroe's message to Congress. By this time the British Foreign Minister, alarmed by the progress of French intervention, had addressed himself to Chateaubriand in the terms of an ultimatum concerning the South American provinces. The fantastic scheme for setting up Bourbon principalities in South America had received its death blow. Monroe's message to Congress, laying down in broad language the policy maintained during the long negotiation between Rush and Canning, was welcomed in the British Parliament "not only with satisfaction but with enthusiasm". The great Liberal leader Mr. Brougham announced: "The question with regard to Spanish America is now, I believe, disposed of, or nearly so; for an event has recently happened than which none has ever dispensed greater joy, exultation and gratitude over all the free men of Europe".

The abrupt dismissal of Chateaubriand from his post as Minister of Foreign Affairs followed closely upon the events just narrated. The return of the Duke of Angoulême from Spain,

triumphant but wholly disgusted with his royal cousin, had been accompanied by rejoicings in Paris that seemed to justify the poet-minister in his belief that "his war" had "restored to the Bourbon arms their former strength and splendor". How closely he believed the continuance of this state of affairs to be bound up with his policy of a further extension of Bourbon power in South America may be seen by referring to the garrulous appendix of his *Congress de Verone*.

This policy, however, as he himself realized, had been rendered impossible through Canning's defection from the European system. To the Czar he turned for the comfort and approbation which was denied him at home. Alexander considered him a victim of the enemies of his "Sublime Idea." Decorations and the ribbons of the highest Russian orders were showered on all Chateaubriand's friends who had supported the cause of the Holy Alliance and international action. Soon the cautious Prime Minister, Villele, was horrified to unearth a secret and personal negotiation between the French and Russian Foreign Offices, hinting at a new intervention. Foiled in his plans regarding South America, Chateaubriand proposed to employ the army of Spain, with Russian support, to readjust the Rhine frontier. But now even the royalist majority in the Chamber withheld its approval. On a vote of confidence the over imaginative Foreign Minister was retired to private life.

From then on Chateaubriand passed his time in composing the famous *Memoires d'Outre Tombe* which he addressed to future generations. All the logic of which he was capable was enlisted to inform posterity of the opportunities he had offered France in vain. History was filtered and doctored to show that at a critical moment when the whole future glory of the Bourbons hung upon their acquiescence in his policies, the King's ministers had failed him. Villele had ruined his schemes. His great design for a Bourbon empire in South America, which would compensate France for the loss of Canada, had been thrust aside. All this might be forgiven. But as we may read between the lines, the unpardonable sin lay in Villele's conduct towards Chateaubriand himself. A successor had risen to Richelieu and Colbert and the doors of the Ministry had been slammed in his face.

The moment described at length in his *Memoires* when he had tossed his belongings "into half a dozen waiting hackney coaches" and quitted the quarters of the Foreign Minister "within an hour" was, he believed, a turning point in the history of two continents. With these comforting reflections Chateaubriand turned his back upon the episode of the "American colonies". For the Monroe Doctrine—today the outstanding result of this strange diplomatic adventure—there is no word of comment. Perhaps the author of *Atala* could not bring himself to treat seriously the foreign relations of a country which his own pen had brought to the polite attention of continental Europe.

W. P. CRESSON.

# THE RESURRECTION AND IMMORTALITY

BY THE REV. PHILIP S. MOXOM

THE New Testament stories of the death and resurrection of Jesus have certain curiously interesting features. One of these is that, if the single touching but scarcely authentic incident of Mary's commitment to the care of John in the Fourth Gospel be excepted, none of the Disciples saw Jesus die or saw Him dead, and none of them participated in His entombment. The simple, suggestive statement of the earliest Gospel is, "They all forsook Him and fled." Of Peter we have a glimpse in the court of the High Priest's palace, but he, too, disappears. To Joseph of Arimathea and the few faithful women who had ministered to Jesus fell the pitiful task of preparing the body for burial. The loneliness of Jesus's life followed Him to the tomb.

What effect the absence of the Disciples from the last scene may have had on their later strong belief that Jesus had risen from the dead, would be an interesting inquiry. The sight of a corpse is the one experience which most immediately and most powerfully depresses the belief of unreflective minds in immortality.

Another fact is that none of the Disciples showed the slightest expectation of Jesus's resurrection and, at first, all received the report of it with incredulity. According to three of the Gospels, this incredulity was overcome by positive and tactual demonstration of the bodily presence of their Master. In the earliest of them, Mark, there is no such demonstration and there is no indication of belief by the Disciples that Jesus had actually risen. In the two later synoptics that demonstration appears, but it is much fuller in Luke than in Matthew. In the latest Gospel of all, the one ascribed by tradition to John, it is fuller still and with different and extended details.

Since the appearance of these Gospels covers a period of at least fifty-five years, from 70 to 125 A. D., they register the growing conviction of the Church that death did not hold

Jesus in its grasp, and that He was living and powerful among His followers.

Other documentary testimony to belief in the resurrection of Jesus is the earliest of all, namely, that found in the Epistles of Paul. These antedate the earliest Gospel by from thirteen to sixteen years, and are from twenty-four to twenty-seven years subsequent to the event. While differing from all the Gospels in the few details which he gives, Paul expresses a conviction as to the fact of the resurrection which is certainly as strong as that of any other witness. Yet, as far as we know, Paul never saw Jesus, alive or dead, save as he saw Him in a vision, and the appearance of Jesus to him in a vision which he mentions he unhesitatingly co-ordinates with the reported appearances of Jesus to the Disciples. The indisputable fact remains that, from the time of Paul onward, the belief in the resurrection of Jesus was coextensive with the rapidly extending Christian faith, and it was the most powerful article of that faith.

In the long development of Christian doctrine and life the belief in the resurrection of Jesus has become identical with belief in immortality. If the immortality of the soul becomes incredible, belief in the resurrection of Jesus will vanish. Is the reverse of this proposition true? If belief in the resurrection of Jesus vanishes, will belief in the immortality of the soul cease? The answer to this question depends on the nature of the belief in the resurrection of Jesus. As a mere physical fact the resurrection may be discredited, and yet belief in immortality may remain unweakened.

Fundamentally the resurrection of Jesus is a spiritual fact; it is the survival of Jesus, through death, in the spiritual realm of being. Such it must be to have any abiding validity and significance, whatever may or may not have been the material phenomena of the historic event. The question has come to be, not Did Jesus rise from the tomb in bodily form? but Is Jesus alive now in the timeless realm of the spirit? If He is, then the immortality of the soul is an assured truth. Thus Jesus has become the crucial instance, and the whole validity of the belief in immortality is bound up with His deathlessness. If death could not annihilate Him, it cannot annihilate any human spirit. On the other hand,

if the soul is immortal, then Jesus is immortal, and all questions as to the material historic fact, however interesting they may be, are relatively unimportant. That Jesus is alive is vital to the complete Christian faith. The belief that He is alive is persistently and joyfully affirmed by the whole Christian Church. This belief makes the Easter festival supremely significant, and the recurring celebration of the day is the Church's glad and solemn testimony to the reality of the spiritual life inseparably joined with and based upon belief in God.

Belief in God and belief in immortality stand or fall together, and the latter shares in all the reasonableness and certainty of the former; but neither of these beliefs can be proved simply by the processes of formal logic. They lie on a plane above that of physical or syllogistic demonstration. Both call for, as they both reward, a supreme act of faith; and this act of faith is in accord with the highest reason, since denial of either reduces life to hopeless unreason and contradicts the deepest instincts and experiences of the soul.

It is, indeed, in experience that the truths of the spirit have their chief witness and authentication. To know God is to have the supreme evidence of His existence, and it is to have also the supreme evidence of immortality. From this evidence there is no reaction; this experience is eternal life.

From the crude and credulous belief in immortality which prevails among the mass of mankind, the scientific mind revolts. Much the larger part of prevalent scepticism on the subject of immortality is the inevitable recoil from the materialism which still pervades religion. This scepticism will never be removed by arguments which are invalid and by the repeated assertion of facts which will not bear scrutiny. It will yield, however, to "the witness of the Spirit", the testimony of God within the soul. And when it yields, the higher interpretation of life which takes its rise from the conviction of an immanent and transcendent God, will show the accord of a thousand facts and intimations of Nature with the soul's deep sense of imperishable kinship with God.

In the large sense the doctrine of evolution requires immortality for the completion of its ascending process. The long reach

from monad to man is futile unless it be the prelude to the long reach from man to immortal son of God. But experience precedes and shapes the philosophy. God is the only key to the problem of life and the soul.

Just here Jesus based His whole conception of man and life and salvation. The philosophical mind has worked slowly up through Nature to God. Jesus looked from the divine centre down through all the facts and forces of the world and human experience. When astronomers worked from the earth as the centre of the universe, their astronomy was mainly wrong; when, under the lead of Galileo and Copernicus and Bruno and Kepler, they worked from the true centre, the sun, astronomy became a genuine science, unfolding the story of stars and planets and solar systems. God is the true centre of the mind in its endeavor to interpret the life and destiny of mankind. From that centre Jesus and the soul and immortality grow intelligible and certain, and human destiny becomes the unfolding of a beautiful and self-consistent divine purpose.

If, then, it is impossible securely to base a belief in immortality on a variously but more or less doubtfully attested historic fact, once the conviction of immortality is rooted in the soul as the necessary corollary of belief in God,—and belief in God is not only an intellectual perception but also a spiritual experience,—the fact of the resurrection of Jesus comes into new significance. It is no longer a questionable resumption of a material body and of physical contacts with the world and men, a thing which the scientific mind can in no way coördinate with experience and the known order of the world; but it is the realization by Jesus of a vivid personal existence in the realm of the spirit. That is, the resurrection of Jesus *is* immortality clearly realized as conscious existence on a higher plane. He who came from God went to God; but that does not necessarily involve removal from the world or any remoteness from human life; it involves rather a new nearness to human life. By removal from the sphere of the sensuous, Jesus came closer to the soul. “It is expedient for you that I go away.” That was not the earliest but a later interpretation of Jesus’s death, but it was literally true. Death was thus an enlargement of Jesus’s life and power. As the immortal Son of God

He can be and is unmistakably more to humanity than He could be while clothed with a material body and dwelling in an earthly locality. It will be found, I believe, that the very process which dissolves many of the assumed facts clustering around the historic Jesus will clarify and strengthen belief in His resurrection and put a deeper note of reality into the human sense of His continued presence in the world.

But the question raised by the resurrection of Jesus concerns not only Him and our faith in Him; it concerns also those to whom our hearts have clung with unconquerable love, whom we have seen die, whom we cannot relinquish to the abyss of nothingness without a convulsion which upheaves the very bases of our life. It is in such experiences as this that the question of immortality becomes most pressing and poignant. I do not use the phrase, "personal immortality": immortality is *the survival of the person*. If it be not this we can have but small interest in it. Here I cannot do better, perhaps, than to quote some words which I wrote many years ago and which I reiterate now with deepened conviction:

"Immortality is inseparable from personality. The chief significance of man's nature lies ultimately in its discreteness, in the evolution and persistence of the self-conscious Ego. Men cheat themselves with phrases when they talk about the reabsorption of the finite soul into the infinite soul, and call that immortality. The finite and the infinite coexist in this world, and this of itself is proof that they may coexist in the next world and forever. The absorption of the conscious finite into the infinite is unthinkable save as the annihilation of the finite. Dr. Martineau says with great force: 'We are here in contact with something greater than the succession of the seasons and the phases of the moon, with the very crown and culmination of the world's process; and though its scale be finite, yet, in comparison with it, the impersonal power in the universe is immeasurably lower; so that if, in virtue of its infinity, it really swallowed up the personal life at the end of the mortal term, it would be more like the sacrifice of children to Moloch than the taking of Enoch by God. Personality is not the largest, but it is the highest fact in the known cosmos; and if death has power over it, there is

nothing which death spares: it can undo the utmost which the Divine will has wrought.'”

Equally do they stultify themselves with a false ideal who join in the beautiful, melancholy prayer of George Eliot:

O may I join the choir invisible  
Of those immortal dead who live again  
In minds made better by their presence: live  
In pulses stirred to generosity,  
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn  
For miserable aims that end with self.  
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars.  
And with their mild persistence urge men's thoughts  
To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven;  
To make undying music in the world.

In plain prose, interpreted in accordance with the author's express avowal, this means that the supreme aim of life is to distil aspiration and effort and even personality itself into force that shall feed the life of the coming generation; this in its turn shall pour itself in self-effacing tribute into the life of the next; and so on and on, with no result save the bettered phenomenal life of each succeeding generation—generation following generation in eternal prelude to something that never arrives. A thousand ages perish to give a brighter bloom to the thousand and first, which also perishes for the transient benefit of its successor.

With the semblance of deeply religious self-abnegation, this idea of human destiny mocks the heart and hope of man by eternally frustrating the supreme end of a spiritual creation. The treasures of life—of its struggle and passion and pain—are inseparable from personality, from the ever-unfolding and perfecting being in whom the continuity of experience conserves the results of all the divine education of man. The whole movement of human history is towards the perfected individual, consciously fulfilling himself in the perfected society—the realized and manifest Kingdom of God. The destruction of personality is for man the extinction of being. Extinction is remediless waste. In nature there is no waste. Individual forms perish, but the type remains in perpetually recurring forms that but repeat the antecedent forms by absorbing their disorganized substance. In man,

because he is a spiritual personality, there is the possibility of endless progress, not the mere recurrence of types nourished on the decay of preceding types. The loss of personality is utter loss of being, and such self-abnegation as the poet contemplates, were it possible, would be final suicide and the lapse of human life into absolute, hopeless failure. The plea that the desire for "personal immortality" (as if there were or could be an impersonal immortality) is selfish, is at once specious and false. The greatest service which we can render to our kind, present or future, is by and through the fullness and strength and sweetness of personality to which we attain. The aspiration to render this service is a mark of the purest and most intelligent unselfishness. Nothing that we can do in any period of our existence is so significant and so valuable to humanity as that which we may become. Our successors gather the fruits of our labors and sacrifices, but their inheritance is poor if those fruits are only the remainder from perished lives. We keep fresh in our hearts the memories of those who have greatly served mankind in the past, witnessing thus to the value which personality gives to deeds, and to the inseparableness of the work from the worker. "One sows and another reaps," but in order "that both he that sows and he that reaps may rejoice together."

There is no tenable standing-ground between personal immortality and annihilation, as there is none between theism and atheism, between a spiritual faith and the blank negations of materialism. The deepest philosophy underlies the verse of Tennyson, when he sings,

That each, who seems a separate whole,  
Should move his rounds, and fusing all  
The skirts of self again, should fall  
Remerging in the general Soul,

Is faith as vague as all unsweet:  
Eternal form shall still divide  
The eternal soul from all beside.  
And I shall know him when we meet.

At some time all of us have looked on the pallid faces of our dead. We have felt the weird spell of that change of friend, of child, of loved one, into a silent, pulseless form, touched with a strange

majesty, but rapt into awful remoteness. With quiet or passionate anguish we have looked upon the dead face and asked: Where has he gone? Does he indeed still live? Shall I ever see him again? It is to the soul in such an experience that the Christian faith declares: "Jesus died, but He lives. Death is of the body; the soul is untouched by physical dissolution. God is the eternal life and the soul partakes of God. Believe that as He lives so your loved one lives and finds life's fulfillment in Him in higher sphere."

It may be said that this has no scientific validity; but he is very bold, bold to rashness, who shall say that it will not, cannot, have scientific validity. We are yet in the early youth of science and already there are gleams of a higher knowledge. Furthermore, we may truly say that this faith has no scientific *invalidity*. Frankly I confess that, if there were one scintilla of positive proof that the mind perishes with the body, faith would receive its death-wound, and with faith hope would die. But there is none. The visible fact of dissolution seemingly is against faith, but the deepest presumptions of reason are with it. The rationality of the world's order and development, the incompleteness of life here, the insistent sentiment of justice, the instinct and hunger for the illimitable which betokens that "we are adapted to infinity", the sense of God and of life in Him, all support the belief in immortality. It is true, as Tennyson says, that

We have but faith: we cannot know;  
For knowledge is of things we see;  
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,  
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

But faith is not the contradiction of knowledge; it is vision. It is the venture into a higher realm where vision is knowledge of the kind not reached by the slow plodding of reason moving from point to point of observation and patiently building up its structure of induction. "For my own part," said John Fiske, "I believe in the immortality of the soul, not in the sense in which I accept the demonstrable truths of science, but as a supreme act of faith in the reasonableness of God's work." Fiske here assumes no contradiction between faith and science; he rather suggests to the thoughtful reader that faith has reached a conclusion

towards which science surely moves; for science is the slowly elaborated demonstration of just that truth, "the reasonableness of God's work." Faith has always been the prophet and fore-runner of science. Whither the swift spirit has flown, with divine intuition, reason will follow with accumulating verification. Thus the soul

Takes by faith while living  
Its freehold of thanksgiving.

Here and now life means duty, but it means beauty too, for it is irradiated by hope. To the sad eyes of the great dramatist "Our little life is rounded with a sleep," but to the eye of faith the sleep of sense is the awakening of the spirit, and this brief prelude of mirth and pain, of aspiration and labor, of sacrifice and resignation, leads to a larger life wherein the buds of promise shaped in this lower air come to full bloom, and the dim prophecies of this world are fulfilled in the eternal world. Meanwhile, to us who are in the school and drill-room of this world, the eternal world is revealed in flashes of softened splendor through rents which death has made in the material barrier that shuts us in.

It is no fond and baseless fancy which speaks by the open sepulchre the thrilling words, "He is not here, for He is risen!" O mourning heart, be comforted! There is no death for the soul. Thy loved one lives with God and, with Jesus, rains gentle and purifying influence upon the earth. Death seems to impoverish us; shall we not rather say, "It enriches us"? Since through death Jesus came into closer relations with all mankind, so, unless we are ruled by the senses and tyrannized by doubt and fear, death, while taking from us the dear sight and touch of our loved ones, gives them back to us in so pure a spiritual communion that we enter upon a new and deeper intimacy with them and receive from them a ministry which, in the body, they could not perfectly give us.

PHILIP S. MOXOM.

# BLACK ROSES

BY HERVEY ALLEN

"For he on honey-dew hath fed  
And drunk the Milk of Paradise."

His hard-horn eyes  
Glitter with pictures  
Of the cloud-piled skies;  
Wide eyes that little limn  
Heaven, unseen by him;  
Beside the river road to hell  
The dream slave lies.

*Here where the swart demons go,  
Pass and repass to and fro,  
Tread very soft—speak low.*

Shrill are the dog-voiced winds  
And shrill,  
Straining through cedars  
At the mouth of hell,  
An eyeless socket in the hill;  
And the dark river slips,  
Sucked through red granite lips,  
Into low moonless halls  
Down to a cavern land it falls;  
Spills with black, lightless thunder,  
Where darkness crouches on the dragon hills  
An earth-mile under.

Backward, flung back upon the humid winds  
Stumbles the mile-deep thunder;  
Out of the earth is born  
As haggard as a shout from solitude,  
The dampened, copper clamor of a horn.  
Near here no farmer plants the kindly corn!  
Only the sodden dreamer hears the sound  
Of the infernal horns bray underground,  
While fitfully comes,

Rumbled like trundled drums,  
 The river's voice,  
 The mile-deep thunder—  
 Speak very soft, speak low;  
 This is a place of wonder!

*Tread very soft—tread slow—*

For here black roses grow  
 In ground unholy,  
 Flowers of darkness  
 That have sought the light,  
 One blue-leafed seedling  
 From the world below  
 Of night and shadowy trees and voiceless birds,  
 Of vast, dim meadows and of monstrous herds—  
 Petals of midnight which are come  
 To prophesy against the sun,  
 With seed pods dangerous to all things bright,  
 Dull blossoms from the tree of melancholy.

*Lean very low—lean low*

To hear from dreamer's lips  
 How fiendishly appears  
 A web-foot being at the mouth of hell  
 To prune the ebon rose with leaden shears;  
 And how that demon strews  
 Jet petals round the dreamer once, and twice  
 Cupped like the sloughed scales of an asp,  
 And bears the dreamer's soul down cavern roads,  
 Cold, in a damp-smooth clasp.

*He bears the dreamer's soul asleep;  
 He bears the swarthy roses deep—*

Deep down the pounding cataracts,  
 Along the river hurled  
 Through leafless tracts  
 Within a starless world,  
 Into a city drowned  
 With shadows drooping down  
 From balconies of blindness  
 In the murky town.

Signals of flapping blackness float  
In folds of darkness from the walls,  
And a gigantic watchman rests  
His bony hands upon a drum,  
Waiting for sunrise that will never come;  
The eyeless serpents rustle in the moat;  
And silence calls.

*Then where the dead waters flow  
Down to the last pit below*

There is a noise of boulder stones,  
Cast up by blurting fountains;  
Washed down the cataracts with grumbling tones,  
That rumble dismally among the subterranean mountains.  
And down the crags  
Along whose face  
The grey clouds hang  
Like rags in space—  
The cowed dreams sit  
And listen to the thunder, thunder, thunder  
Of the black river and the stones.

*Tread very soft—speak low.*

This is a place of wonder.

# WILD GEESE

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

Only the other night, it seems, I saw the wild geese trekking  
In a black lanky wedge across the moon,  
Their sharp frost-silvered wings flecking  
The zenith. . . . And now in a fever of harsh maroon,  
Burnt scarlet and tarnished bronze, the great groundwhirl  
Of leaves twists to a frenzied skirl  
From autumnal pipes, the dervishes of brilliant blinding death  
Shuddering, weaving, spinning—faster and fiercer—without breath!  
Oh that last rich barbaric dizziness, the smoke of pearl,  
The crimson axes of the heat hissing through,  
The final lividly exultant blue  
Crackle of dust!—and then the acrid silence and the hard green glitter of  
hoar-dew. . . .

Only the other night, it seems, only the other night  
You passed with the passing of familiar light  
From the sky and a certain hill: Oh, at your dying  
There was a sound of wild geese crying, crying;  
There was a sound of leaves that give up trying  
To glow; and all wild beauty drifting, shifting  
South, interminably south! . . .  
But I cannot give up remembering your swiftly quiet hands and the half-  
frightened hint of peace over your eyes, your mouth.

# LAST NIGHT IN MARCH

BY BERENICE K. VAN SLYKE

The night is filled with shy new-venturings,  
Winds unused to the miracle of wings;  
Flutter and swirl, a sudden swift retreat,  
And silence where were now impetuous feet.  
Slow shadowhands stealing about my eyes;  
Almost the winds break out in little cries,—  
So sweet to be an almost-April breath.

In some brown pool, where daylight lingers still  
About the hidden face of daffodil,  
The frogs start thinly piping to the spring  
An arrowy wisp of song; and when winds bring  
That alien note past each unhearing leaf  
I feel a melancholy joy in grief,—  
So sweet would be an almost-April death.

# EXPERIENCE

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

STATISTICS never give what is really worth knowing, because they never can give it. The important facts are moral facts, and can only be ascertained by experience, which is a thing temperamental and individual, varying for each person. There is however an experience of the race, having its expression in custom and manners, guides more elastic and adaptable than law, which as a rule embodies the experience of those long dead—a mummified experience. But among moral facts, that tangled and bewildering jungle, the inexperienced soul, if it is to escape peril, must be led by custom. To depart from that leading is adventure.

What proportion of mankind shuns adventure, what proportion courts it? That is what we should like statistics to tell. The legislator wants to know, that he may increase the number of the cautious; the leader of men, that he may breed more adventurers. But whether we know the proportion or not, we can all realize that this is the greatest and most significant division of mankind. It divides the givers from the takers, the doers from the done-by. None of course is always giver or always doer; every life has its passive part; in every soul there is a struggle between the prompting of adventure and the warning of precept. But there are natures in whom the active preponderates, and these are the adventurers, the creators, makers of many things, but all of them in common makers of experience. They make it in the first instance for themselves; they drink the heady runnings of their own distillation from the still. Yet they also as well as others can taste the liquor when it is mellowed and matured; and perhaps modified by later blending.

All adventure is experience; that does not need to be argued. But adventure is enjoyed because it is experience. Your first salmon is an adventure, if you were to be as old as Methuselah

when it happens; but your fiftieth is not, unless there are special complications. Otherwise you will not specially remember it. In all adventure, the whipping up of the blood, the stimulation of the nerves at the moment, is indeed a kind of physical pleasure, but the lasting charm is not there; it comes through a mark made on the mind, an impression on the sensitive complex of memory that can be recalled and reproduced, enjoyed and studied at will. Excitements to the sensibility or to the intellect, or to both—to some part of our sentient and reasoning self—that remain and enrich it, these in their sum make up experience. We enjoy because we are enriched. We may have gained strength, we have, anyhow, gained knowledge of the world and of ourselves.

The most obvious and primitive source of adventurous experience is danger. A child's first steps are surrounded by it, till experience brings confidence, and feet are planted firmly on the floor's beaten path. That is the end of that adventure: new experience must be sought further afield. Habit is a beaten path maintained by custom, and on it our lives run smoothly. Yet many are impelled to step outside it into the fields, even into primitive jungle, for the adventures that must bring experience—knowing themselves to be less themselves when they are simply fashioned by custom, still walking by that experience of the race which they have not verified for themselves by re-discovery, and to which they have added nothing. This search for experience is a kind of privateering which the legislative mind will always condemn; yet without it the world would moulder. The failures in adventure are those who justify the prescription which they defied; who confirm that experience of the race which knows them for fools, or pursuers of nastiness from which they must be whipped off like puppies: and they are lucky if, having confronted these moral facts, they can take that experience to heart and profit by their lesson.

But the successful adventurer gains an experience which makes of his adventure an abiding source of knowledge and strength for himself. In extreme cases he modifies, enriches, and enlarges the experience of the race: till by and by the legislator comes along and adores respectably what he wanted to burn.

These privateers very often have a tough time; the hardest

adventures are not pursued on Mount Everest nor in big game shooting, nor in any sphere of physical danger. But "a man's life is his will"; it was their choice and probably they enjoy it, after their fashion.

Yet what is to be said about those moments when all habit breaks down; when the experience of the race finds itself up against a yawning gap in the permanent way—as has happened in our time? A friend of mine said the other day that we should count ourselves fortunate to have been born when we were—to have been suckled when our mothers guessed so little the road that we must travel in, the doom we had to dree. My friend spoke, as I write now, in Ireland, which had its part of Europe's suffering, and then elaborated a neat purgatory of its own. Would we rather, even in Ireland, have avoided what has to come to us, have lived in easier times?

The question is as futile as asking a man if he would rather be some one else. All would agree that this or that detail, external or internal, in our existence might be amended; yet none sinks so far in self-esteem as to desire total effacement of the only personality with which he is really acquainted. That were true nihilism. Indeed, essentially we all want to be ourselves, because we cannot imagine being anyone else. Still, those of us who knew the world before this deluge have enough experience to compare the two phases—the smooth road and the rough. Would we sooner have died than lived on? Have curtailed our experience, have stopped short before the break?

Nobody can speak for those upon whom war-times brought cruel separations. Yet there are many who would not refuse the name of privilege for a suffering which was recompensed in pride. Their experience may make them go softly all their days, but the world will seem to them nobler, not less endurable by their own loss. No experience enriches more than admiration of those you love, and in thousands of lives death has set on that admiration a seal which nothing can efface. We can all say—it is our common experience—that in our generation mankind, our race, faced as great dangers as willingly as ever since the world was. We can say it, but those who loved feel it: that is their privilege, the fruit of their soul's adventure; that is their

contribution to the race's gathered confidence in itself. For the rest of us, the ruck, we have nearly all known the adventure of physical danger and most of us have been reassured to find that we behave with decency under that stimulus. Yet even those who have been frightened are anxious to anatomize their fear. They would hardly wish to have avoided it: it has, and they know it, enlarged their outlook on life. We all know more about life than we did ten years ago, because we know more of death.

Wider and more purely intellectual experience, too, has been heaped on our generation. We have seen society strained and shaken, and in Ireland we have almost seen it broken; great political experiments, partly of advancing design, partly makeshift engineering to span a broken bridge, are in progress before our eyes: and we can see how such a time as this intensifies the national character, as it does that of the individual. The Frenchman is more French, the German more German, the Englishman more English. In Ireland, where we always made a luxury of sardonic comment, the irony has entered into our bones, our life is penetrated with mockery: we chew a bitter cud. None envies us, none pities us: yet few Irishmen, I think, would honestly wish themselves into another age. The stimulus to curiosity is too keen, even among that vast majority who have no active hand in the adventure, over whose lives the play is played.

Those who cry out against this surfeit of the unusual, the unexpected, the disturbing, and the dangerous, are no doubt mostly the votaries of habit, rich and poor, those contented in their misery, no less than the more conspicuous persons who desired a stake-fence round their "stake in the country". Let us have peace: give us back a quiet life, is the cry of those who never wanted experience. Yet, in Ireland, as everywhere in Europe, are found seekers after experience who have been disturbed from their own hunt. To read a new poet is an adventure, if he is new, and if he is a poet, and if you who read can understand. Your quiet intellectual before these brawls went on his quest undisturbed: the game he is after is scared away, his brooding thoughts scattered like snipe out of a bog,

when the first shot is fired. Before the war, some of these minds, avid of experience, read their Wordsworth and envied those who found it "bliss to be alive" in the days of the French Revolution: they are sick now of adventures which to them mean nothing. Danger has no real teaching for you, unless your business is with danger, unless you are a specialist in the article: for the ordinary man, its prolongation, as he found in trenches, or in a bombarded town, is merely weariness. The physical, brutal adventure of dodging gunshot in the streets brings him nothing but crude chunks of undesired experience; more danger than he can digest. Facing danger means much if you are facing it with a purpose; if not, it merely exhausts the nerves and wastes that store of vitality which ought to be devoted to the life's true adventure, the inventor's, the thinker's, the artist's. There is no such adventurer as the artist; every day is lost for him when he is not gaining experience; no one else is so intolerant of the fenced and trodden; if, as is often true, the trivial round of others will furnish him with all he needs to ask, it is because sun, moon, and stars, wind and clouds, happy and unhappy faces, that to the commonalty would carry no experience, can bring an adventure to his spirit, if it is free for its proper work.

The quality of an adventure lies in the quality of the experience it leaves behind. I look back on these nine years, crowded with events that would have seemed fantastic if foreshadowed: and of course there is no denying that for us all the war was an adventure profoundly modifying our experience and extending it. Yet its very bigness made it an adventure of the race, rather than my adventure, or yours, or the next man's: our impressions were received as part of the community. A personal aspect developed, no doubt: one's first day in trenches was an adventure, having in it what the tourist in trenches also found there. Yet those who came for business were too busy studying their business to have much leisure for appreciation: and certainly afterwards, trench warfare became a grim routine, deadening the faculty of apprehension without which there can be no experience gained. We learned; but most of what we learned was really as elementary as what a child learns when it begins to walk alone: though for many generations our society had suppressed the need for these

lessons. Later, for us in Ireland, came the experience of revolution and of civil war; our souls have not lacked material for adventures and many of them have no doubt been enriched. Yet the looker on gains little experience, except perhaps some added shrewdness in discerning which jockey to back. I search my mind in vain for any other experience of profit.

Had there been more sympathy in me, I should have been able to gain by the adventure; for it is undeniably an adventure to live through either a revolution or a civil war. But if adventures come to the adventurous, it is more true that experience only grows when the soil suits it. Neither the war in which I fought, nor the civil war in which I did not fight, nor the revolution which I observed near by, held anything so properly an adventure for me as when, loosed from the European war, an ex-sailor asked me to help with getting his boat from Dublin to the Shannon by canal.

It involved sleeping out two or three nights, and much hard hauling, for a motor broke down; but otherwise nothing could have been less adventurous; and probably most human beings would have found it tedious. But it was an unusual thing to do, it was a piece of real travel; the exploration of this unknown route, through an unfrequented part of a country which I had studied more than most, lit up much in my mind; I learned the more because I had studied, enjoyed the more because I had already enjoyed. This experience was not crude lumps of something new and alien; it came to its own and its own received it; it took root kindly and grew. It was an adventure for me because I could profit by its experience: it set up more continuous movement in my mind than many exciting scenes in politics or many an hour of shellfire. I can see now that in it one central impression stands out. After hours of toiling with the tow-rope, on a raised track through vast bogland, we halted, and I went up to ask for leave to boil a kettle in a thatched cottage that stood back a hundred yards from the bank: prosperous, trim, sheltered, yet typically an Irish peasant's cottage, ten miles from train or town. War had passed over Europe, the convulsions that have rent Ireland had begun to be sharply felt, and I myself like so many was already estranged from those who a few years back

would all have been my friends. Yet entering there in this remoteness, I found the essence of my country unchanged; or if changed, improved. Here in the past might have been misery: and the welcoming hospitality that would have been there, even in the misery, had now a settled strength; there was not only the will to give but the power of giving, wholesome, kindly food, offered by healthy, kindly, well-nurtured people, whose lives were no longer blackened by the shadow of famine. It was no new thing that payment for what I asked for and which was pressed on me in addition should be put out of the question: that was only an old impression, pleasant to have confirmed: but the essence was to feel as I felt that, after all these long decades of turmoil have not been for nothing, that a better way of life prevails, that gentle courtesy is set now in comely surroundings: above all, that the trouble of these late years is only skin deep. If the perception of these things had come to me, it was because my adventure had put me in tune for it. Departure from fenced-in customary life had quickened all my sensibilities; sleep on the ground was an adventure, heightened by the contrast of other sleep on soil very different. Yet the nights I had spent in dug-outs by no means shell-proof, though they had danger, have left few impressions so keen as this adventure of peace, which grew out of and continued old wanderings when war and revolution were scarcely dreamed of in my world. It was part of my real experience, the experience that I had sought.

I care not to have adventure thrust upon me, to have its form imposed: but let me be counted of the party that think nothing in life worth seeking or worth enjoying unless it brings experience: unless it adds to the color and intricacy of the web that we weave on memory, unless it charges new cells in the storehouse of varied power that is our brain.

Having looked at the other ways, having gained experience of strife of party, strife of war, and known also, in and through them, the experience of comradeship, the tie of loyalty to a leader, my heart goes out to the quest that is pursued in peace and to the hope it offers. My allegiance is to the leaders in that adventure, my true comradeship with those who are of their band; who for the most part walk solitary, work with a lone hand, yet share

with the world what they acquire. To have steeped the vision of summer twilight in the blue of eternity, to have put together some few words whose cadence will always reproduce a fine emotion, whose associated images will always evoke response in some sensibility, bringing remembrance of what we seem to have always known yet never perceived, putting utterance into some inarticulate depths of self—that indeed is achievement not to be accomplished without long adventure: it is to fix and render accessible the very essence of experience. Yet often these doers and these makers do not know themselves for adventurers, are scarcely aware that it is experience they bring home: for in their adventures, and in them only, the result achieved outweighs and swamps the experience of the effort: the true labor, the true quest passes far down below the conscious mind. If brawls and wars hinder, as I believe they do, such adventures, destroy unborn such outcome, then this is the most precious of all the commodities that they waste; and we may all pray to live in a time when there will be fewer prodigious happenings and, for that cause, more worthy adventures followed, and a more treasurable experience attained.

STEPHEN GWYNN.

## FREDERIC HARRISON: 1831-1923

BY JANET E. COURTNEY

FREDERIC HARRISON was born in London on the 18th of October, 1831. He died in the old Roman city of Bath on the 14th of January, 1923. What a span of life! What a period of history to cover! One of the last of the great Victorians, born when Victoria herself was but a child and living to see twelve years of the reign of her grandson, and her great-grandson the travelled and popular Prince familiar on both sides of the Atlantic. But the significance of his life lies not in its length; it is in its fulness. It can have fallen to the lot of few to have seen so much, done so much, thought so much, lived through so much. In the truest sense Frederic Harrison was a historian, able not only to recall and record every important event of the Victorian age but to view it in perspective. That is the supreme consolation belonging to extreme old age; it can itself give the verdict of posterity.

Such was Frederic Harrison, lawyer, reformer, literary critic, religious teacher, the friend of France before the Second Empire, of Italy when Garibaldi was still scarcely known, of Germany before it was Prussianized, of the United States ten years before the Civil War. And he lived not only to see but most keenly to participate in the great world struggle, which has swept away Prussia, re-made the map of Europe and brought the United States into the forefront of world politics.

His childhood was passed at Muswell Hill, on the hills to the north of London. It is now a suburb, cut up by a network of rail and tram lines, with just a few survivals of park and woodland; but it was then "a very beautiful country—green, shady and smokeless". His childish walks were in country lanes where he could "wander all day and meet no one but a carter or a milkmaid", and where the only lurking danger was a possible meeting with a savage bull belonging to a dairy farmer who

became the grandfather of Cecil Rhodes. "So early," as he sets down in his *Autobiography*, "did the Great Empire Builder's ancestor inspire me with fear."

His parents had strict views on education and believed in home training of the more unimaginative kind. He could remember little of poetry or fiction, and had never heard of Cinderella, Jack the Giant-killer, and other nursery friends. Indeed, the fairy world was a sealed book to him until he was first introduced to it by his own children forty years later. But he read Homer in translation, *Robinson Crusoe*, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, Macaulay's *Lays*, Lockhart's *Spanish Ballads* and *The Nibelungen Lied*, as well as some of the books of allegories beloved of pious Church people in mid-Victorian England. All his early training was in the doctrines of the English Church, the safe, steady, moderate views of old-fashioned folk, who were sufficiently influenced by the great Anglican revival to turn their backs upon Calvinism without abandoning the traditional English dislike of Popery and Puseyites. When he was nine years old his parents moved down into the western district of London, still on the edge of the country—where Paddington station stands now was then a market garden—and he was sent to an excellent day school, passing on some three years later to King's College School in the Strand.

School life does not seem to have meant much to him. His classical precocity placed him amongst boys much older than himself, who petted and spoilt him and saved him the rough and tumble, finding yourself amongst your equals, which has been the making of many a man. This experience Frederic Harrison never had, either as boy or man. Life was always made easy for him, and it was only his own naturally eager spirit which saved him from indolence. He rather deplored in later life this lack of any spur to ambitions, but by then it had engendered "an ineradicable indifference to personal success and personal fame". In early life the chief result was a disinclination to adopt any definite profession, which only his all-round interest in humanity made distinguishable from idleness. Until he went to Oxford he lived always at home. Consequently he got less discipline but more all-round culture than falls to the lot of most

English school-boys. His physical education was, however, not neglected. By the time he was sixteen he was a very fair cricketer, and could swim, row, ride, skate and dance; he was also a more than tolerable classical scholar, he was well-read in the English classics, and he had seen something of France and could read and speak its language. This early French training had much influence on his later thought.

At the age of seventeen he won a scholarship at Wadham College, Oxford, and the next year he matriculated. For the first time he left home to live amongst his contemporaries, and the immediate result was disillusionment. He seems to have found the Dons "pompous" and the freshmen "childish", and to have been chiefly impressed by the "coldness, selfishness, and want of sense" of his new environment. But there was one bright exception, his tutor, Richard Congreve, the historian and future Positivist. They fell out in later life, but Congreve was a born teacher and found an apt pupil in this somewhat unusual undergraduate. By him Harrison was introduced not only to the ancients but to the modern historical thinkers of the period, Mill, Grote, Cornwall Lewis and Carlyle. Harrison learned from Congreve to work for work's sake, not with an eye to the examinations. Nevertheless, in 1853, his name appeared in the very small first class in the Final examination. He stayed on for some six months to read more of modern history, and the next year was elected a Fellow of his college. But as he had somewhat reluctantly consented to his father's wish that he should read for the Bar, he left Oxford finally in 1855, as he himself says, "a much-changed man of twenty-four. I had come up to Oxford with the remnants of boyish Toryism and orthodoxy still holding on . . . I left Oxford a republican, a democrat and a free thinker."

This change decided Frederic Harrison's life in many ways, two in particular. It made him European in his sympathies, and inspired his great work for the trade unions. Quite apart from the "love of humanity" enjoined by his Positive creed, Harrison was a lifelong worker for the cause of the oppressed, whether at home or abroad. He was one of the group, all the rest long since dead, who founded the first college for working men in London.

In politics he followed John Bright. At the time of the Crimean War he was bitterly opposed to England's anti-Russian, pro-Turkish policy, and anticipated Lord Salisbury's rather cynical conclusion of thirty years later that "we put our money on the wrong horse". His early hatred of Louis Napoleon became modified when that prince appeared as Italy's champion. But after the peace of Villa Franca, and the withdrawal of the French armies, Harrison set out, armed with introductions from Palmerston and Lord John Russell, to revisit Italy and to glean material for interesting English press opinion in favor of a further struggle for Italian independence. He sailed from Genoa to Leghorn in a ship full of volunteers going to join Garibaldi. At Parma he saw the revolutionary party drag a Government emissary from the train, behead him with a butcher's knife, and stick the bleeding head on a pedestal in the public square. ("I stood there gazing at the gruesome spectacle absolutely alone. As Italians do, every living soul had disappeared from the square.") He was the only English newspaper correspondent who knew the story of what was happening in the Italian duchies at first hand, and he sent back letters to the press, which did much to guide public opinion to adopt the Italian cause.

It is impossible within the limits of a REVIEW article to chronicle all his European achievements. But something must be said of his work for France both before and after the frightful days of the siege and the Commune. The Franco-German War found him on his honeymoon tour on the Continent. He stayed abroad until October so as "to watch the great war and its results from abroad". Though bitterly opposed at the time to the histrionics of Napoleon III at the opening of the war (the action of Bismarck as *agent provocateur* was then unknown), Harrison was no stranger to the danger that had long threatened European peace from the ambitions of Prussia. As early as 1864, at the time of the Schleswig-Holstein affair, he was urging this upon Palmerston's Government in letters to the press. "Mr. Gladstone, the Peace Radicals and the general public were blind to the vast and sinister power which was gradually being built up by the great Prussian statesmen. Cavour, the greatest statesman of the nineteenth century, was gone; Palmerston was

in his decrepitude and actually favored the aggrandizement of Prussia." But when the Napoleonic dynasty had fallen and the war was degenerating into an attempt on the part of Bismarck to crush France and leave her impotent, Harrison spared no effort to enlist British sympathies for the young French Republic. He protested vigorously against the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine, denying that Germany needed them to protect her strategic frontier, or that their German populations were panting to be freed. And he denied still more vigorously that the influence of German culture would be for the good of Europe, a favorite academic doctrine at the time which for many only met its final refutation in 1914. But even in 1870 Frederic Harrison was saying: "Why are we to take the future freedom and peacefulness of Germany on faith? We know that for one hundred and fifty years the present dynasty and its servants have held Prussia in the grasp of a strict military discipline. . . . The Prussian rule has ever been defiant of public opinion. . . . Germany will do whatever the Hohenzollerns think most to redound to their personal glory. . . . And we are asked to entrust the peace of Europe to the keeping of these men." What they made of it is now bitter knowledge to the whole world.

It is very interesting to find that even then Harrison and his friends were urging upon Queen Victoria's Government the very policy of active intervention which King George's Government took forty-four years later. It seemed to him at the time, and he saw no reason to change his opinion later, "that it was the clear duty of England and was within the power of England" to prevent the annihilation of France as a great Power. He urged that "failing a coalition of neutral Powers to bring the war to a close, England should throw herself into the rescue of France with her whole forces, moral and material, naval and military. Let money, guns and supplies be poured into France, with the aid of the English fleet; and it may well be believed that France could turn the tide." He even advocated, if necessary, the sending of a British army to some spot in Brittany, where it could be covered by the fleet—just such an expeditionary force as was sent over the Channel in August, 1914. "Looking back after

some forty years," he writes in 1910, "with all that we now know, I still assert that this was the true, the practicable policy, in January, 1871." It would have prevented the despair which led to the French surrender, the fall of Paris, the break-up of all government, and the horrors both of the Commune and its repression. But Gladstone would have none of it—"In my opinion this was his *gran rifiuto*."

Harrison's first married home in London became a centre for the Communist refugees. He describes them as "a singularly unpractical, unbusinesslike and ineffectual set, often nursing in exile visionary schemes and the jealousies and suspicions of rival sects. . . . They were of various types—cultivated and high-minded men who had flung themselves into the struggle on impulse—some young men of ambition who intended to become ministers or generals—some old Socialist insurgents—and some feckless enthusiasts in a state of cerebral excitement." It is no wonder that they failed. But however much Harrison might "deplore the blunders of the Commune and abhor its crimes", he was too good a Republican not to sympathize with its principle of municipal self-government and with the claim of the workingmen of Paris to take their part. He was one of the few to defend them and to insist on Englishmen hearing the other side, the barbarity of the methods employed to suppress a perfectly just attempt to establish government on a democratic basis. These are sufficiently illustrated by a single quotation from a leading French newspaper: "Forty thousand Communists only have been killed; why have the other 60,000 escaped military justice?" It was Harrison's abiding belief that the Commune, with all its horrors and its apparent failure, saved the French Republic and frustrated a monarchical reaction.

Gambetta was the French statesman for whom Harrison had the sincerest admiration. He regarded him as, in sagacity, the equal of Bismarck and Cavour, and he was his staunch defender at the time of Marshal MacMahon's attempt at reaction in 1877, which was exposed to English republican sympathizers in its true light by Harrison's letters to *The Times*. Harrison rendered the French Republic the same service again in 1888 at the time of the Boulangist conspiracy, which he described in his *Times*

letters as "simply a coalition of the enemies of the Republic, monarchic, imperialist, democratic and revolutionary, worked by a syndicate, like the Panama canal, financed by rich pretenders, who hoped to win something in the scramble . . . gathered round a melodramatic soldier who rode about Paris as if it were a circus and who had won popularity with the soldiers by official doles as Minister of War."

One final word must be added, as it illustrates not only Harrison's friendship to Republican France but also his prophetic insight. Writing in April, 1867, he said:

The condition of Europe at this moment, by common consent, is truly ominous. The dying throes of Turkey and the ambition of Russia threaten commotion in the East. Germany is forming herself into a military empire; France is vying with her in the rivalry of arms. No man can say from whence the greater danger to order may arise. . . . For an imbroglio like this there is but one sound solution. It demands a genuine alliance of England with France; an alliance of which the avowed aim should be to promote, by peaceful and moral influences, the progress of Europe towards complete resettlement. . . . The distinct purpose of such an alliance would be to throw the whole moral and material weight of England against the actual disturber of peace, whilst placing it on the side of orderly and permanent resettlement.

And again, in December, 1870, he said:

In spite of all our suspicions and differences France and England have long worked together in the common interests of the world. . . . With France powerless, England becomes an island with a vast scattered body of dependencies across the sea. With Prussia, with Bismarck, with military autocracy . . . we can have no such sympathy, no such common policy. We can only watch it anxiously, hoping for the best. We have stood by to see our old and natural ally suffer its Austerlitz and its Ulm. Let us trust the future has in store no Jena for ourselves.

In 1910, he adds the pregnant words: "In the 'sixties France was no danger to Europe. She is now a bulwark of peace and order."

But Harrison's Republican sympathies were not confined to Europe. He was fired by indignation at what he regarded as England's wanton attack on Japan in 1863 simply to claim redress for the killing of an English merchant who had insulted a Japanese Prince. This was, to his mind, one of the results of

Palmerston's bullying foreign policy, which in the Trent affair nearly embroiled Great Britain in war with the United States. From this catastrophe "we were saved by the good sense of Queen Victoria, of Gladstone and of Bright". What he felt himself about the Civil War is sufficiently indicated by his praise of W. E. Forster, the Quaker Yorkshireman who was later to do such fine work for the cause of primary education in England: "He was one of the leading Liberals who kept England right in the great American Civil War in 1863. His Quaker spirit came out nobly in the battle against the prejudices of British aristocrats." It was Forster who organized the impromptu meeting in St. James's Hall, London, on the murder of Abraham Lincoln. Harrison was present and records that it was "one of the grandest memorial gatherings that ever occurred in my lifetime".

He made no personal visit to the United States until many years later. In 1901, Mr. Choate, whose acquaintance he had made the previous year at Cambridge, caused the Union League Club of Chicago to invite him to go over and deliver the annual address on Washington's Birthday. The result was a visit of some weeks, extending to Boston, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and the principal universities, greatly enjoyed and amusingly described in a lively series of letters to the wife from whom he was so seldom parted. They throw incidentally a sidelight upon Harrison's domestic and affectionate side, of which, with characteristic English reticence, his *Autobiography* says very little directly. But how strong and tender was the bond between this husband and wife in spite of a considerable disparity of years—she was his cousin and in a sense his pupil—there are many still living who could testify. He himself describes the letters as those "written by a man separated by the Atlantic from a wife from whom, in forty years of marriage, he has never kept back a thought nor an incident of his life".

After a stormy but otherwise uneventful passage, he lands in New York on February 15, 1901:

It is impossible! "unimaginable"! "*incroyable*"! I can only write like Jingle in monosyllables. A torrent of callers, interviewers, letters, invitations, and zealous friends wherever I went! Telegrams, telephones, telesemes (you never saw these) rain day and night. Every five minutes a boy rushes in with

cards, three or four visitors in the hall and seven reporters. I tell them to bring up the friends and send off the reporters! and they bring in the pressmen and rudely dismiss the friends! Everybody I run against asks me to dine. I have been five days in this hotel and never dined in it once. . . .

Like every other European visitor, he is enchanted by the Turner-like views from the high buildings: "The General has his office in a house *twenty-six* stories high—double Queen Anne's Mansions! He is at the top, from which is a lovely wonderful view of the whole bay, river, port and city." A few days later he is in the Auditorium Hotel, Chicago:

Well, here I am at last, one thousand miles far west from the Atlantic—a city of 2,000,000, (which was a village of one hundred when I was born!) installed in much magnificence by the Club. My "suite" consists of a corner and front set looking out over the Lake; it has eight large windows,—a drawing-room thirty feet long with sofas, easy-chairs, a piano, and *escritoire*,—two separate toilet rooms (hot and cold), a bath-room, all under one door. I am on the seventeenth floor and not near the top.

For all his seventy years he could enjoy like a boy the novelty of his surroundings, and he was amazed at the extent to which America carries material comfort to a fine art:

It is like a pantomime or a fairy tale. My royal suite . . . is a hundred feet up, but of course no one ever sets foot on stairs up or down. I have never seen stairs in any American hotel or office. What I want are a few things, viz:—a valet, a doctor to watch my throat and to help me through turtle, oysters, terrapin and champagne; a large ante-room for visitors to wait; a groom of the chambers, and two secretaries—with these I could get round.

But, joking apart, he was immensely impressed by America, and both touched and humbled by the reverence for culture he met with. Chicago, he says, is "so little a city of corn 'deals' and pig-curing, that I heard nothing there but philanthropy, education, social improvement and art studies". From Washington he writes: "I am quite overwhelmed and confused and feel a dreadful impostor. They all treat me as if I were an 'eminent person', and I feel like Don Quixote when he was being fooled at Court as a mighty champion. Ah! when the dream is over and I wake up to find myself an average magazine writer, if not a crank!" And again, before leaving New York for home, when the Authors' Club entertained him: "Why, they talked as if I

were Carlyle, Ruskin, Gladstone and John Burns in one. I said I was hardly counted as an 'Author' at home, but as a crank who lectured a small lot of fanatics in a dingy hole."

His considered judgment of American civilization, he phrased nine years later in these words:

For at least two generations—say for the half century since the great Civil War—America has given more to Europe of new impulse in social life than Europe has given to America. Now the United States have a population which will soon enormously exceed any single European people. That population has far more universal energy and ambition than any Europeans. In material resources they match those of all Europe put together. In the general sense of democratic equality—that is in freedom from all social and caste prejudices—they far exceed any people of Europe, even that of France. In republican simplicity, in the instinct of devotion to the common weal, and, throughout the rural masses, in sexual purity, they far surpass Europeans. But these things—mastery in material resources, devotion to the public weal, republican equality, reverence for woman—are the crucial pivots on which the future of humanity will turn. It follows, then, that the van of human progress will ultimately point towards the West.

In dwelling upon Harrison as a political thinker, cosmopolitan in his outlook though intensely British in his patriotism, I have left myself little space to touch on the many other aspects of his life and work. Most important of these, perhaps, was his great championship in the 'sixties and 'seventies of the right of workmen to combine in trade unions. At a time when "trade unionist" was regarded as a synonym for "dangerous revolutionary", Harrison went about amongst men on strike, toured through the industrial districts, fought the men's battles in the press, represented their views on the Royal Commission of 1867, and by his Minority Report did more than any other one man to bring about the legal recognition of the unions by the Acts of 1871 and 1876. "It is difficult," he says in 1910, "to imagine the bitterness of the hostility to trades unions common in 1867," when his friend and fellow-Positivist, Professor E. S. Beesly was almost deprived of his Professorship at University College for advocating the cause of the trade unionists at Exeter Hall. The attitude of the employers and of the capitalist press he deeply resented. "It was the sense of this systematic and interested misrepresentation which roused me and others to place the

matter before the public in its true light." (The occasion was a London builders' strike in 1861 to demand "a day of nine hours' work". In the end the men won a ten hours' day with a Saturday half-holiday.)

Harrison's adoption of the Positive creed based upon Auguste Comte's philosophy, is the other main motive of his career. The meetings which led to the foundation of the Positivist Society in 1867 were held in Harrison's legal chambers. Later, when Newton Hall was founded in 1881,—rather against his better judgment, for he thought that Positivism should be rather a movement of thought, a body of men, than a localized creed with a temple of its own,—he accepted the leadership and devoted himself to the Society for twenty-five years. He was no bigot. He was the friend of Dean Stanley, of Cardinal Manning and of other religious teachers. On one occasion he attended a meeting, convened by Stanley in the Jerusalem Chamber of Westminster Abbey, where Cardinal Manning presided: ("The last time," said Manning, "a Catholic Archbishop sate in this seat, it was Cardinal Pole.") "We then adjourned into the Abbey itself, where a short prayer, adapted to cover almost every conceivable faith, was offered up, I think by Manning. No one who has not been in our ghostly Abbey by night and seen its sombre aisles and empty chapels just faintly lit with a chance burner here and there—who has not felt himself, almost alone and in gloom, with the dust of the mighty dead—can conceive the mysterious pathos of such a visit." But neither was Harrison an opportunist, nor a conformist. When a favorite disciple of his was married in the Abbey, according to the rites of the Anglican Church, he would neither consent to give her away nor to attend the ceremony. He died as he had lived, faithful to his creed, and to the Church of Humanity. In that faith and according to its simple ceremonial his body was given to the fire, and his ashes were laid to rest with those of the wife who had died six years earlier, in the ante-chapel of his old college at Oxford.

JANET E. COURTNEY.

# THE FIVE DIMENSIONS

BY DUDLEY H. WIGGINS

WITH A NOTE BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

*Once in a while a reader comes across a "startlingly original" writing, like The Book of the Damned, for example. Then, if the thinking be original, too (and it must almost always be, if the writing is), that reader may mark the day as a festival, for he will have feasted. What we call originality is not often achieved; the true thing is precisely a thing that cannot be learned and must be native; yet it may grow (if the growth be inside the person), and it may so grow that it will explode into expression as it does in this paper by Mr. Dudley Wiggins. Mr. Wiggins is an inventor of machines and of games: he has been much given to thinking in solitude, since he graduated from Yale some decades ago. What he writes is indeed an explosion; and as for the style of the writing, it is his way, native and inevitable. Therefore is this squib but a prefatory splutter before so resounding and novel a firework.*

BOOTH TARKINGTON.

AND they waited, these five grim bondmen, in the darkness and in the empty nothingness, just as they had been waiting since the beginning—only there was no beginning, for they had always waited in this shadowy voidness—no, not even shadowy, for a shadow implies some light and some substance with which to shield the light, forming shadows. But there was no light, only blackness, and no substance whatsoever that would shield the light, which was not. But they waited with the greatest patience, for they being perfect, was their patience perfect also.

So they waited, these silent bondmen, whose names are Length, Breadth, Thickness, Time, and Space,—though when grouped together they are called Dimensions;—at least the first three are, and sometimes Time. But at the last, which is Space, our wise men balk and reel, for they know not exactly how to group it;

so they group it by itself. So they waited. And then came that Something that did conjoin and subjoin, and then disrupt these neutralized forces all through this so-called empty space, in such a manner that substance came into being; and then It hurled one mighty mass of substance against another equally great, and behold! the light was born.

And then these forceful bondmen called Dimensions began their mighty labors to guide the new-born universe: not to rule, you must know; for that Something was to rule it, you should understand. Then Length and Breadth became the parents of a plane, which guides the stars in their journeys so they shall not collide with other stars or planets round about; and Thickness shaped their substance so that they be not too large nor yet too small; and Time it telleth them exactly when to make their curves, be they circles or ellipses, so that they may avoid an interference with other people's business, which was a thing of great importance then as now, you must comprehend. And Space, he seemed to be a kind of host, most concerned that every one should have a proper place in which to whirl about and have a certain orbit, which of course he could not do, you see, without the help of Time.

And now was mortal man created, or evolved, from those very elements of which the earth itself was made, and in a hollow rounded bone which he doth call his head was placed a substance most cleverly devised and compounded, which may in a manner guide his actions; but at that, man he hath no great distinction, for surely almost every living thing that hath bones at all hath a rounded one which hath a brain inside, and which is called his head. And sometimes when I look upon these creature things, these beasts and birds, and even bugs, and see how their difficulties and deficiencies they must adroitly overcome, and with what seeming wisdom they mold the natural things of earth to their purpose and convenience, I find myself most gravely wondering if man, with his mighty brain, should he one of these things be, would survive at all.

But in man there was something else, for that Something that had made the sun and moon and stars gave just a little spark of something to each and every man, and that something it was not

of earthly matter, and it is called his mind. And that Something called the mighty bondmen whom It had used with results so perfect in building up the universe, and bid them be in waiting when mortal man should need them; that is, when he willed to use his brain and mind. But It also bid them not to volunteer their service, for reasons of Its own, but to wait most patiently until they loudly should be called.

Now when I intimate that man with only his three-dimension brain hath no knowledge of Time and Space, I must make a certain explanation, for he really hath a certain knowledge of these two last Dimensions, and it is as the mathematic guide-books explain to us, Time and Space can be indicated by the proper use of the Dimensions Length, Breadth, and Thickness; as for instance, man by the use of his three-dimension brain hath gained most accurate knowledge of a certain Place or Space, and then at a certain well-calculated Time—that is, when the police are far away—he doth go to this Space at the aforesaid Time and souse himself, and then depart in a path consisting mostly of angles and of circles and of ellipses, and altogether it is of a most intricate mathematical design, though the details be most imperfect, to a Place called bed or thereabouts, at a Time long past the middle of the night. But this man he hath no knowledge of the real dimensions Time and Space at all, but is only acting on the prompting of his three-dimension brain, which merely guides him as to ways and means to obtain what he conceives he wants. But then, as to conceiving Time and Space as real Dimensions, 'tis sad but true that even our wise men shy away from that.

And so these mighty bondmen waited, waiting with that same patience with which they had always waited, until these mortal men should call.

But as to man, when times did come when he should use his mind, instead he did reel and stagger and fall back upon his brain. Now was this Something that had made the sun and moon and stars NOT wroth with mortal man at all, for it was a most natural circumstance; for remember mortal man in some shape or form had had a brain for many million years, and in a manner was familiar with its usage; but this mind-gift from this Something, it was new and strange, and he was at a loss to know

exactly how to use it, even as you and I, if some friend would present us with some contraption new and strange to us, should hesitate to use it, but would rather, for a while at least, use something else with which we already have had much experience.

So man continued through much existence making but little use of this most precious gift that that Something had meted out to him. And then came that thing that we call Trouble.

Now Trouble is a subject I am most afraid to talk about, because I will present it in a manner most catawampus to the accepted thought. This Trouble is such a thing that when it happens man is wont to curse and rave and use sacred words most profanely, and weep and moan and talk about hard luck, or talk most foolishly about the anger of that Something that made the universe. Now all this most disjointed thinking is the prompting of his three-dimension brain, for he would not think thus had he used his mind.

Now when man did first begin his contemplations and his meditations he did become most poignantly aware that there existed five major magnitudes among which he had his being and which did have much influence in everything he did.

His first meditation resolved itself into a realization, which thereupon he did formulate into a clear conception, thus—that a certain length doth exist between himself and a distant object, and therefore that length doth exist between any two distant points or objects. And then, as a result of further meditation and reflection, he did conceive that there existed flatness, on which he did walk and carry on his ordinary operations. And then he did purify this realization until the conception of perfect utter flatness came into being, which he did call a plane. And then he did realize after he had climbed the hills that rested on a flatness, and had dug below this flatness in the ground, that there was a thing called thickness, which term he used to denote the clear conception of “solidity”.

Now as a second thought, and therefore after-thought, he did delve and search for some proper means to indicate by words or markings these clear and separate conceptions that he did have within his brain, for he did perceive that all things in their separate or uncombined state be most simple, and perforce one's

reflection upon such things must soon reach an end; but if he could by some sort of markings identify these conceptions at all times, he felt he could combine these separate entities into some sort of formula and then combine this formula with symbols representing others, and thus make a thing that though it be abstract, it in a manner might represent a concrete thing; as, for instance, it might represent the growing from a seed of some mighty tree, which seed, on combining with certain elements of the earth and then with some components of the atmosphere, did from a small and comparatively simple beginning produce a structure of most lofty proportions and complex design. And he did also note that things in their simple, uncombined state did represent not life nor yet death, but rather be suggestive of life yet to come into being. And he did see, though but vaguely, that these continuous and elaborative combinations represented progressive life, and that there did exist the possibility that unprogressive life may be a stage preceding death and dissolution into the separate entities of which the thing be composed. And finally, he did most correctly realize that his conceptions of length, breadth, and thickness be at the bottom, or be the very beginning in some manner, of all things that there are.

Then did the mighty bondmen, Length, Breadth, and Thickness, leap to his aid, and right gently did they seek to show the path his brain should follow to comprehend the exact relationship of one thing to another.

And Length did show him that if it be moved in a certain manner it would represent a plane, which would have width. And Breadth did show him that if the plane be moved perpendicularwise it would represent a thickness, which doth represent the conception of solidity. And Thickness did then discourse on cubes and spheres and cones. And the three together did even show him how by the projection and expansion of these three dimensions one could solve problems in the realms of time and space, such as the course and movements of the sun and other heavenly bodies. And they did solve the mysteries for him of ellipses and of sines and cosines and of loci and of logarithms and of ratios, and the proper symbols of all these things and of all their inter-relationships, until man's brain did almost

cease to function; and though he could most clearly see that there be much more to learn, he felt that to give further sober thought to these subjects must be well beyond his power. And then Length and Breadth and Thickness demonstrated to him how to draw correct proportions from these dimensions, that would fit any situation; and then they did show him that the realization of absurd proportions be the basis of humor, and that humor doth invigorate the brain; and that man was made for sober thought, and that humor be such an aid to sober thought that it be almost sober thought itself.

But in spite of all this knowledge that he had acquired, he felt there be something lacking; it be most unsatisfying. This knowledge it be so cold and mathematical that it seemed to lack some human element, the nature of which he could not formulate. And he did feel that morally he be in a plane; and a plane, of course, be something that hath no real existence except in one's conception and imagination, and it be not a thing of real use or benefit until it have a thickness and thus be a thing of substance. And he would have prayed to the gods of time and space to help him in his perplexity were it not that he felt he was already quite well versed in all matters pertaining to these things. So he did pray to some unknown God for light and a vision that be clear; and his answer be, the Holy Bible.

Now the Bible, though containing other things, be principally the book of the knowledge of Good and Evil. Now Good and Evil be terms most broad, for Good means primarily moral righteousness; secondarily wisdom; and thirdly practicality. And Evil, likewise, meaneth moral unrighteousness, then folly, and finally impracticality. But there be such perfect coördination between righteousness, wisdom, and practicality that they wellnigh amount to the selfsame thing, for nothing may be morally righteous that be either unwise or impractical. But there be no such coördination between moral evil and its lesser phases of folly and impracticality, for one may do foolish and impractical things merely because he be ignorant, and he may have the utmost of good intentions; therefore if a contemplated action doth not yield itself to coördination, one should at least be suspicious that it be evil, for it be most certain that a thing to

be truly good must be the conjunction of moral righteousness, wisdom, and practicality, and it be a way of conjunctivities that they only conjunct at certain times and places; therefore the knowledge of Good and Evil be the knowledge of real Time and Space.

Now there exists no inherent evil at all in man's brain, which doth function by the knowledge of the first three dimensions, for any thought or word or action whatsoever of any normal man be really neither morally good nor evil, but be a purely cold, impersonal mathematical proposition, in which there existeth neither crime nor virtue; and then I put abstractly Love, Hate, Killing, Stealing, Giving, Lies, and Truth, all in the self-same category; and I conceive that abstractly no one of these has the least advantage over any other. But when these abstract so-called crimes and virtues are projected into the fourth and fifth dimensions—meaning Time and Place—a so-called crime may become a virtue and a so-called virtue then become a crime. And I assert that at the proper time and place it be a most righteous thing to kill and lie and steal—as, for instance, when man in mortal combat during war for God and country should kill all he can, with of course a certain deference to the laws of war; and, for instance, if a friend should most accidentally injure you, you should of course cunningly contrive some lie to lead him to believe that he hath injured you not at all. And again, if you know a man hath a gun or other weapon which he is about to use to commit some evil deed, it is your duty to steal that gun or weapon if you can. And, on the other hand, if a man doth Love at a most improper time and place, any man or woman knoweth that it be a thing most unholy. And as to Generosity, or Giving, it certainly be bad taste, or vice, or even crime, to give to those who hold positions of authority, such as judges, legislators, and other public officers; and it is certain that it be a fearful thing that a judge should tender be when his heart it should be of flint. So man, merely for the convenience of his mind, doth group these aforesaid mathematical abstractities under the captions Crimes and Virtues.

Now under Crimes are grouped all men's actions which, through habit or predilection, and as a rule, he doth most often

put into specific action at a most improper time and place; as, for instance, killing, lying, and stealing are almost always brought to action at the wrong time and place, and therefore, as I said, are classed as Crimes. And, on the other hand, Love, Generosity, and Truth are classed among the Virtues merely because man doth most often practice these things, by desire and habit, at the right time and place. In fact, the Holy Bible be most explicit, for it saith: "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven."

Now, man's brain, as I have implied before, be that with which he doth coördinate the first three dimensions, together with their expansions and projections, into ordinary time and space; and thus doth he form certain judgments. But knowledge of real Time and Space be the prerogative of the mind, for the knowledge of these two things be the knowledge of Good and Evil; for all the promptings of the brain be cold, impersonal, mathematical propositions, and one's mind is a battle-field on which the forces of Good and Evil do carry on their combat, an Armageddon, upon the result of which the soul be won or lost.

Now I wish to make it clear that the magnitudes of time and space be not regarded or classified as mathematical dimensions, for almost all that they signify mathematically may be represented by some elaboration or projection of the preceding three. But they be most certainly philosophical dimensions.

Now space be a thing, as Aristotle says, "that without which bodies could not exist, but itself (space) continuing to exist when bodies cease to exist"; space doth possess magnitude, or extension, though itself be not a body. "For in case it were a body, then two bodies would exist in the same place." But this description be most non-illuminative, for it be but the formulation of the obvious. Berkeley holds that space be a mental construction due to the gradual coördination of sensations, especially of sight and motion; which meaneth that if a man doth see a ball proceeding through the air, he doth thereupon coördinate his sensations of sight and motion and conclude that space doth exist—otherwise the ball it could not move; which explanation leaneth to the doctrine that space be merely emptiness or voidness, as Newton saith; which definition seems to me

most faulty, because, for instance, if a fish be swimming in an aquarium it be obvious that there be no empty space, though there most certainly be motion. And it be most certain that certain space doth exist regardless of his sensations of sight and motion, and any motion or any lack of motion be no necessary attribute of space; and while a blind man comprehendeth space by some motion of his arm or body, yet the definition be not distinctive, as all things whatsoever are comprehended by the coördination of one or all our senses.

Now man hath lately learned that there be no empty space, for that space that he did once regard as empty be filled with ether, which be a material thing, for it doth vibrate, it doth carry heat and light, and its vibratory waves have various amplitudes, including width as well as length. Therefore, the universe it be a material thing, one vast mass of substance; but of greatly varying densities. An empty space, it be a figment of one's imagination, which like infinity may merely be formulated but not attained in practice; which leaveth Newton somewhat high and dry, and we be compelled to go back to Aristotle, who did most safely formulate the obvious when he defined space as that without which bodies could not exist—which be synonymous with:—Space be that which giveth bodies opportunity to exist; and a certain place be a certain space where certain bodies be.

Now a worm doth most tortuously make his way through some hard and rocky ground, and at last he doth reach some watery ooze, and then he saith: "Now this be what I call space, this be opportunity; for in this I can squirm at will, and carry out all my preconceived designs." And a fish doth flip and flop in this ooze until he doth reach the water, and then he feeleth that he hath reached real space, for he can swim up or down or any other way that doth suit his notion. And a man may by some mischance be imbedded in earth or mud or immersed in water; but when he doth reach the air and standeth on the solid ground, he doth exclaim: "Now this be really space! In it I may run and jump, and build my house, and carry on almost any operation that my brain tells me be most practicable. This be opportunity!" But he be not in real space at all, for he be surrounded

by air and ether. So one may call space that place where one may carry out some preconceived design without insurmountable obstruction,—and thus make no mention of the material bodies which already do occupy that place or space; or, as has been said, it be opportunity.

Now time be a thing that, so far as one's body be concerned, be of only one kind, and that of course be present time, for he can with his body do nothing whatsoever with time that be past or with time that be yet to come; but with one's mind he may bring back the past and reflect upon it as though it be the present. And he may reach forward and bring the future to the present, and speculate upon what may happen later by reason of what may have happened in the past.

Now man's mind be that within which he doth conceive the right time and place to put into execution the conclusions and dictates of his brain; and, as I have said before, the right time and place for the execution of any design the brain may conceive be the time and place of the conjunction of the principles of Righteousness, Wisdom, and Practicality that do relate to that design.

But saith my listener: "Now before you leave this subject, I would like to ask this question: May a most well-intentioned Blunderbuss be called a righteous man? I cannot longer hold my peace, for I have a personal interest in the matter, as I be most suspicious that owing to the great exertion you do make to clarify to me the mysteries of the mind, you think that mine be a thing of no great extent; and it may be possible that you be right, for in your discourse you be seemingly correct in spots—though I think there be much of the dimension length between the aforesaid spots."

So I answer him quite frankly: A well-intentioned Blunderbuss be not a righteous man. A Blunderbuss be simply a Blunderbuss, and as for righteousness he be quite impersonal, like a chair or table; for the name Blunderbuss be quite descriptive in itself, and needs no qualifying words except such as do in a manner calibrate to what extent he doth carry on his blunderbussing; and it be the name of a gun now obsolete, which, though it did thunder most mightily, the mark it was rarely hit; and

it hath a certain streak of onomatopœia, for blunder doth rhyme with thunder, which be well recognized as sounding like the same, and a Blunderbuss doth thunder when he should hold his peace, and his thundering doth usually end in some kind of sickly muss. Now as to good intentions, there be a saying that doth imply that the road to hell be paved with good intentions,—though on analysis its force it doth peter out; for if the road to hell be paved with good intentions then it be quite obvious that the road from hell be also paved with the same material, though the slant be somewhat upward; and all I gather from this saying be that good intentions be so common and so cheap that they be used for paving roads, and that a well-paved highway doth exist to that most unsalubrious clime—a thing which be most common knowledge.

Now in order further to help your mind (for the improvement of your mind doth lie on mine as heavy as a brick), I will apply these principles that be involved in the five dimensions to some common thing that we be much addicted to, although they be involved in everything we do.

Now the thing, the most common thing, that people think they know all about is talk, for verily they have talked unceasingly, starting, thereabouts, when they were two years old; and if they are alive, and can use their tongues at all, they are talking yet. So I will, for demonstrative purposes, apply the five dimensions to a speech. Now a man, if a speech he hath to make, should of course, we both agree, consider first the very first dimension,—“length”. His speech should not be too long, nor yet too short, but proportioned to the importance of the matter that he hath in his head. Next he should consider the second dimension, which is “width”—which meaneth “breadth”. Now the breadth of one’s remarks should be somewhat proportioned to their length, and also suggestive of the “solid” that should be coming next, for if your remarks thus far have only “length” and “breadth”, which the mathematic guide-book saith constitute a plane, and a plane in its truest sense is flat,—so somewhat to relieve the beginning of your speech of “flatness” it has to be at least suggestive of the substance of what you mean to say. Now the man having conceived the proper

“length” and the proper “breadth” of this speech should next consider the third dimension, which is “thickness”, which meaneth “substance”—that is, the real solid thing he hath to say. So if a man do make a speech, with due regard to its real dimensions of “length” and “breadth” and “substance”, and the substance be of first-class quality,—which, of course, is not a dimension but an attribute—

But now I am interrupted in my discourse by an awful noise. —“What is this tedious thing you do now? You are spouting wisdom which, though true, was all enunciated long ago, in fact long before you were born, or thought of; and if you should die at once, your place in Reason and Philosophy would not, to put it mildly, be unfillable. Of course, if a man do consider all these things that you do mention he would make a perfect speech;—it is absurd the way you carry on!”

But is it absurd? Remember, I am only partly through my discourse. I spoke of five dimensions; and how in the name of common sense can a man talk about the fourth and fifth dimensions unless he first do make some passing mention of the other three, that people do or should know all about? And furthermore, I say that a man doth not make a perfect speech if he use only these three dimensions properly, because it would then be a perfect speech in a most restricted way, and perfection that is qualified is perfection not at all.

Now the fourth dimension it is Time. Now Time, mark you, is a real dimension when it concerneth speech, for there be many speeches which certainly be wellnigh perfect, only they were spoken at a most unseemly time; all of which you know.

And the fifth dimension is one of Space, which meaneth “place” for all human practicability; and the dimension Space, which meaneth “place”, hath much to do with speech, for a speech may otherwise be perfect, except it be spoken in a most outlandish place for such a speech as that;—all of which you know.

Now, knowing all these things so well, it is quite evident that on occasion you can talk in five dimensions, and if one can talk in five dimensions it follows surely that he can think in five dimensions; but you don’t most always talk in five dimensions,

for I have heard you, though I know not what goes on within your head—for quite often you do talk in only one dimension, that is length. That is, you just talk and talk and talk, saying nothing—nothing that any other man could make head nor tail of, though it might mean something to yourself;—which is a speech having but one dimension, “length”.

Then again, when you do feel a little better, you do talk a certain “length” and also your talk hath a certain broadness; but lacking “substance”,—meaning “thickness”,—your speech is seeming flat, the substance, meaning “thickness”, doubtless being in your head.

And again, feeling very much improved, you do talk with due respect to the three dimensions of “length” and “breadth” and “thickness”, but you really do poorly, for you disregard both “time” and “space”. For instance,—suppose you speak at proper “length” and “breadth” and “substance” on how to make a saw, and all men say it is a most wonderful discourse on how to make a saw; but suppose you make this speech most wonderful at the funeral of a friend, thus disregarding both dimensions of “time” and “space”, then would the people say, “Surely this man hath lost his mind.”

Then suppose sometime you conceive a most brilliant speech of a patriotic nature and you be determined to make it square with all the dimensions that I have spoken of, and you conceive it quite properly, for it surely is of proper “length” and “breadth” and “substance”; and being of a patriotic nature you deliver it on July the Fourth, which is the proper “time” for such a speech; and for the dimension “space”, which meaneth “place”, you select a cider barrel standing on its end, which in lieu of something better is really not so bad for “place”;—and so your speech goes right well, and you do get most thunderous applause, which is really because your speech it squares so well with the five dimensions, including “place”, of course. But now suppose an accident doth happen, the top of the cider barrel doth cave in, and you do continue speechifying up to your waist in cider,—the speech of course it loses force on account of a very slight change of place.

“Now,” saith my listener, “the way you undertake to improve

my mind I find most painful, and it doth remind me of the dentist-man when he doth improve my teeth; and I believe I'd rather serve a term in jail, and thus get away from this mathematic stuff."

That would not solve your troubles, for a term in jail be a strictly mathematic proposition; for a jail hath length and breadth and thickness, and a certain capacity, small but ample for its purpose; and although there be an amplitude of time there be a scarcity of space.

"Well, at least I can go home and go to bed; and although a bed be a flatness having length and breadth, as I be a much-exhausted man mayhap I may sleep a dreamless sleep for a season, and thus be unconscious of all things that there are,—including the five dimensions."

So, as I have no listener, I be compelled to close my discourse.

DUDLEY H. WIGGINS.

# ADELAIDE CRAPSEY: POET AND CRITIC

BY LLEWELLYN JONES

It may be substantially true, as Emerson said, that:

One accent of the Holy Ghost  
This heedless world hath never lost, . . .

but the world has grown appreciably more heedless since Emerson wrote, with relatively fewer people in it who have time to do the necessary sifting for the authentic accents. For a few years I was almost afraid that the heedless world was going to lose the precious little collection of poetry which was published after the death of Adelaide Crapsey, especially as in one large city bookstore I saw copies of the first edition of her little book, *Verse*, put on a ten cent table. But now that the volume has been reissued it is to be hoped that its intrinsic worth will overcome the world's heedlessness, and that Adelaide Crapsey will take her place as one of the outstanding woman poets of the day—a place beside Emily Dickinson and Alice Meynell, surpassing the one in self-conscious technique, and linked to the other by the fact that she was critic as well as poet, but in the company of both not only because she wrote beautiful poetry but because it is the poetry not of mere imagery but of the adventure of the spirit: the more important part of Miss Crapsey's verse dealing with the greatest adventure of all: the meeting, foreknown and awaited, with inevitable death.

That Adelaide Crapsey should have been a spiritually courageous person is not surprising to those people who know her father, Dr. Algernon Crapsey, one of the illustrious heretics of his day, a man with burning convictions and a sufferer through his expression of them. His daughter Adelaide was born in 1878, and died of tuberculosis in 1914. After her graduation from Vassar she studied at the School of Archæology in Rome, and then took up teaching as a means of livelihood, and as a life

work entered upon an elaborate study of English metrics—of which I shall have more to say later.

She wrote much poetry in her earlier years, but the most part being occasional, she destroyed it, and the verse she left behind her was gathered together during the last year of her life—spent at Saranac Lake in a vain effort to fight tuberculosis. Much of it indeed was written during that period—the poetry of death written by one who did not, like the average poet, think of death but who saw it coming and who deliberately shaped her sheaf of poems as a memorial:

Wouldst thou find my ashes? Look  
In the pages of my book;  
And, as these thy hand doth turn,  
Know here is my funeral urn.

Miss Crapsey was a pagan in the classical rather than in the popular sense of the word, and she would have her funeral urn a thing of beauty. And so around it we find a wreath of blossoms of poetry, a small flower of a new shape: Cinquains, she called them, and they may be described as little poems that do, under the law of English prosody, what the *hokkus* and similar forms do for Japan. Of course our “free verse” writers try to write actual *hokkus* and *tankas* in English, but the results are disappointing, as there is no magic for us in a mere arbitrary number of syllables. But Miss Crapsey did not merely count syllables, but devised her five line poems in an iambic series, adapted to decoration, as in *Blue Hyacinth*—

In your  
Curled petals what ghosts  
Of blue headlands and seas,  
What perfumed immortal breath sighing  
Of Greece;

—but decoration with a far-reaching suggestiveness—and equally adapted to moods, as in *Night Winds*:

The old  
Old winds that blew  
When chaos was, what do  
They tell the clattered trees that I  
Should weep?

or, like some of the smallest of William Blake's engravings, envisaging the largest spaces:

THE GRAND CANYON

By Zeus!  
Shout word of this  
To the eldest dead! Titans,  
Gods; Heroes, come who have once more  
A home!

But even in these cinquains the poet writes of her own death:

THE WARNING

Just now,  
Out of the strange  
Still dusk . . . as strange, as still . . .  
A white moth flew. Why am I grown  
So cold?

Not only the beauty of these cinquains but the novelty of their form, fitting in as it did with the fashion for experimentation, gained for them a relative popularity, and when Miss Crapsey is quoted in anthologies the cinquains are usually chosen. But that, perhaps, is not fair to her other work, which ranges from an almost tempestuous joy in life, as seen in the two first poems of her book, written in 1905 and celebrating—

Desire on first fulfillment's radiant edge,—

to a grappling with death which is prophetic in her poem of 1909 on John Keats:

Meet thou the event  
And terrible happening of  
Thine end: for thou art come  
Upon the remote, cold place  
Of ultimate dissolution and  
With dumb, wide look  
Thou, impotent, dost feel  
Impotence creeping on  
Thy potent soul. Yea, now, caught in  
The aghast and voiceless pain  
Of death, thyself doth watch  
Thyself becoming naught.

Between the days of that prophecy and the days when Miss Crapsey wrote a similar poem about herself, the record is one of lyric joy, with a gleam here and there of a delicate humor. One sees the latter—with a sidelight on her poetic tastes, perhaps—in the lines addressed, in Fiesole, to Walter Savage Landor:

Ah, Walter, where you lived I rue  
These days come all too late for me;  
What matter if her eyes are blue  
Whose rival is Persephone?

But we must pass over the lyrics—one or two of them suggesting Walter de la Mare—and come to that poem which is perhaps Miss Crapsey's most remarkable achievement. As she had written of the death of Keats in the cemetery of Caius Cestius, so in 1914 she addressed other dead, the dead who from the Saranac cemetery, in sight of her own room, taunted her with her human restlessness, and whom she, in turn, taunts with their stillness. The gesture is a magnificent one and probably unique in literature. A living woman, doomed, and writing a poem with this title:

#### TO THE DEAD IN THE GRAVEYARD UNDERNEATH MY WINDOW

[Written in a moment of exasperation]

How can you lie so still? All day I watch,  
And never a blade of all the green sod moves  
To show where restlessly you turn and toss,  
Or fling a desperate arm or draw up knees  
Stiffened and aching from their long disuse;  
I watch all night, and not one ghost comes forth  
To take its freedom of the midnight hour.  
Oh, have you no rebellion in your bones?  
The very worms must scorn you where you lie,  
A pallid, mouldering, acquiescent folk,  
Meek habitants of unresented graves.  
Why are you there in your straight row on row,  
Where I must ever see you from my bed,  
That in your mere dumb presence iterate  
The text so weary in my ears, "Lie still  
And rest; be patient and lie still and rest."  
I'll not be patient! I will not lie still!

There is a brown road runs between the pines,  
 And further on the purple woodlands lie,  
 And still beyond blue mountains lift and loom;  
 And I would walk the road and I would be  
 Deep in the wooded shade and I would reach  
 The windy mountain tops that touch the clouds.  
 My eyes may follow but my feet are held.  
 Recumbent as you others, must I too  
 Submit? Be mimic of your movelessness  
 With pillow and counterpane for stone and sod?  
 And if the many sayings of the wise  
 Teach of submission, I will not submit,  
 But with a spirit all unreconciled  
 Flash an unquenched defiance to the stars.  
 Better it is to walk, to run, to dance,  
 Better it is to laugh and leap and sing,  
 To know the open skies of dawn and night,  
 To move untrammelled down the flaming noon,  
 And I will clamor it through weary days  
 Keeping the edge of deprivation sharp,  
 Nor with the pliant speaking of my lips  
 Of resignation, sister to defeat.  
 I'll not be patient. I will not lie still.

And in ironic quietude who is  
 The despot of our days and lord of dust  
 Needs but, scarce heeding, wait to drop  
 Grim casual comment on rebellion's end;  
 "*Yes, yes. . . . Wilful and petulant but now  
 As dead and quiet as the others are.*"  
 And this each body and ghost of you hath heard  
 That in your graves do therefore lie so still.

From such finality as that it is perhaps well to turn to that part of Miss Crapsey's work which being prosaic is not final—which may be carried on by others. Her critical work consisted, as has been said, of an ambitious attempt to elucidate the subject of English metrics, and it was not quite completed at her death: but enough was done so that the path can be followed by others. Her book is entitled *A Study in English Metrics*, and it is perhaps unique among such studies in that it takes the great body of metrical knowledge, sifts from it the essentials, and builds from them. Miss Crapsey's own contribu-

tion is an analysis which shows that what we may call the prosodic complexion of English poetry—its variety and freedom—depends not only upon its metre but upon the type of vocabulary that is adapted to that metre. Her commentators have spoken as if her work was difficult of comprehension, but this is a false appearance, due to the tabulations with which its exposition is accompanied. To understand it we have merely to remember that English metre has laws of its own which are not the laws of the Latins and Greeks. In the past we have been told that English metre paralleled Greek metre with this difference; that whereas, for instance, the iambic movement in Greek was a succession of two-syllable feet in which each first syllable was short and each second syllable long, in English the corresponding metre was made when each first syllable was unaccented and each second syllable accented. And having learned this we were then taught that good poetry consisted in lines which did not obey that law but took various exceptions to it: weak stress, inverted stress, substitution, equivalence, and what not. The result was not only confusing, but when the free verse writers said that all the combinations of “feet” having been used up by preceding poets, free verse was the only way out, their case sounded very plausible.

Now the truth about English metre is that it is based on time, not time in the sense of each syllable having a definite quantity as Greek syllables had, but time in the musical sense of the word. English verse is made by any succession of syllables which can be recited to a beat; this beat being marked in the case of accentual metres by an accented syllable, and in the case of blank verse by a syllable which is “long” rather than accented,—for the two are not synonymous,—or even by the knowledge in the mind of the reader that the time-beat is on a certain syllable. Thus in the line:

I do remember an apothecary

we do not accent each even-numbered syllable: to do so would be to give a mechanical and falsifying rendering of the line; but we have to know that the metrical beat comes on those syllables, or else the line would be prose to us.

What Miss Crapsey has proved is that the difference between the music of one English poet and another is in large part due to their differing vocabularies, predominantly monosyllabic, moderately polysyllabic, and highly polysyllabic. The reason for this is that whenever a poet uses words of more than two syllables he is using words which have each not only an accented syllable which can mark the beat but also a syllable carrying secondary accent—which may also be used to mark the beat or which may set up a new variety of music within the line. And this new factor alters all our bases for comparing the metrical side of one poet's work with that of another. For instance *Mother Goose* used a vocabulary predominantly monosyllabic—many of her poems being wholly so. On the other hand a poet so admired for his technical dexterity as Swinburne is seen, through Miss Crapsey's tables, to work with a predominantly monosyllabic vocabulary; in *Chastelard*, indeed, the percentage of monosyllables almost approaching that of *Mother Goose*—the average occurrence of polysyllables in that poem being only 1.57. Now it is obvious that Swinburne's technical problems will be much simpler than those of such poets as Milton and Francis Thompson, who use an extremely polysyllabic vocabulary, running from seven to nine per cent of words of three syllables and over (and also a large proportion of dissyllables). Between these two extremes is the medium type of vocabulary, such as was used by Pope and Tennyson. We can best see how these differences of vocabulary affect verse structure by quoting Miss Crapsey direct. After certain technical considerations, she proceeds:

Concisely given the issue is this: When the verse is in duple rhythm (rising) the occurrence of every word over two syllables in length except mid-stress trisyllables will, if the "normal" dissyllabic foot is to be kept, force the occurrence of a syllable carrying secondary word-accent in the verse-accent place: e.g.: "To whom | thus Mi|chael. | Death thou | hast seen." P. L. XI. 466.

And Miss Crapsey goes on to show how the occurrence or non-occurrence of secondary word accent affects other kinds of "feet".

As applied to actual poetic criticism her insight shows us how impossible it is to compare two poets who do not work in the

same vocabulary. Tennyson cannot be compared, as has been attempted, with Milton:

Milton deals with the problems that I have indicated as inherent in a vocabulary of extreme structural complexity; his greater variety of word forms imposes upon him all the difficulties of their manipulation, problems of weighting, of the management of the delicate and treacherous secondary accent syllables, and with these, since it is verse in duple rhythm, the question of variant feet. These things, if present for Tennyson, are far less acutely present and with the change in the basic condition of the vocabulary, the whole weighting and balance of the line change.

And Miss Crapsey takes an even more salient example from some criticism of Professor Gilbert Murray. That scholar, writing of what English poetry may learn from the Greek, says that metrical rhythm is one thing. Swinburne, he says, can capture the sort of rhythm needed for professed imitations of the Greek, in such work as

She is cold and her habit is lowly. . . .

After quoting the whole stanza, he says, "This has a strong clear rhythm, full of majesty and sweetness," and he goes on to compare unfavorably with it "the most admired lyrics in *Samson Agonistes*":

God of our fathers, what is man?

and

This, this is he: softly a while  
Let us not break in upon him. . . .  
Or do my eyes misrepresent? Can this be he,  
That heroic, that renowned  
Irresistible Samson, whom unarmed  
No strength of man or fiercest wild beast could withstand? . . .

And of this poetry Professor Murray says: "But surely it is clear that the rhythm is exceedingly obscure and utterly unlyrical in quality?"

As I have spoken already of Miss Crapsey's rare humor, and as its occasional humor is perhaps the most human thing about prosodic discussion, I may quote her answer rather fully:

Professor Murray is in all these matters of the elect, "a Roman of Rome, and very well thought of in heaven"; yet may I, even with a little deco-

rous impishness, suggest that his words concerning Milton have a familiar sound . . . "one of the poems upon which much praise has been bestowed . . . of which the diction is harsh . . . the numbers displeasing" . . . and thus, remembering that the great Doctor himself on occasions erred, gather courage for disagreement?

Setting aside the question of Greek metres (about which I, all wofully, know nothing) and holding to the question of English metres, in English poetry after all undeviatingly the main concern, the issue raised by any such statement seems to be this: The lines quoted by Professor Murray from Swinburne are in triple rhythm and it is Swinburne's handling of this rhythm that, at any rate "as far as metre is concerned", is oftenest given the unqualified enthusiasm of which I have spoken. It leaps to the mind in instant question—am I then to suppose that Swinburne's technique in triple rhythm is held to be, in general, comparable to the Miltonic technique in duple rhythm? It is for me an effort to phrase or squarely envisage a notion so bewildering. Yet Professor Murray seems to make the comparison—and to the discomfort of Milton. If imperturbability is for a moment wind-blown by gusty amazements, it will I hope be forgiven me. After all there is difficulty in remaining imperturbable when one whose scholarship imposes an all wistful deference is heard saying that he "can imagine" it possible that one may "even enjoy" the rhythm of the *Samson* choruses.

The beauty of Miss Crapsey's analysis is that it not only shows us the real subtlety of English forms, but also that by placing our poets in sequence, as regards vocabulary, Milton coming at the end of a sequence of writers in duple metre and Swinburne at the beginning of a sequence, it has a heuristic value, for in its light we may predict that, assuming the main stream of English poetry to flow on, and not spread out in a swamp of free verse, we can surely say that the coming development in prosody is a mastery in triple metres—or even in quadruple—of those technical problems of a polysyllabic vocabulary which Milton mastered, working in his duple rhythms.

At any rate Miss Crapsey has left behind her the broad outlines for a treatment of English prosody which promises real results, and it is especially heartening that this exact and scientific inquiry should have been made by one who was also a poet of indubitable inspiration.

LLEWELLYN JONES.

# THE EVOLUTION OF MODERN MUSIC IN PARIS AND IN VIENNA

BY DARIUS MILHAUD

[EDITORIAL NOTE:—Darius Milhaud is one of the most distinguished of contemporary French composers. He is the leader of that little band of Parisian radicals, the celebrated *Groupe des six*, who represent the newest tendencies in French music. The “Six” comprised originally five men and one woman: Germaine Taillefer, Darius Milhaud, Arthur Honegger, Francis Poulenc, Georges Auric, and Louis Durey. But Durey dropped out. And now, as if to compensate for his apostasy, the Group includes a kindred spirit in another art: Monsieur Jean Cocteau, the poet and essayist, who had much to do with their beginnings. They are all young, these much-discussed innovators—the oldest of the present group, Arthur Honegger, is only thirty, and the youngest, Georges Auric, is under twenty-five. Yet they have succeeded in attracting almost as much attention as Debussy did a generation ago when he set the musical world of Paris by the ears with his then revolutionary *Prélude à L’Après-Midi d’un Faune*. Monsieur Milhaud himself was born at Aix in Provence, France, September 4, 1892. He was educated at the College of Aix, at the same time studying violin and string-quartet-writing twice a week. After obtaining his bachelor’s degree, he went to Paris, and at the Conservatoire attended the classes of Berthelier in violin, Xavier Leroux in harmony, Gedalge in counterpoint, and Widor in fugue and composition. In 1915 he obtained the Lepaulle composition prize with his sonata for two violins and piano. During the war, he was employed on missions from the French Government to the United States. He spent 1917 and 1918 in Brazil as attaché to the French Legation at Rio de Janeiro (with Paul Claudel). In 1919, on his return to Paris, he and his companions organized concerts and performances in Paris and elsewhere. In 1920–22 he visited England, Italy, Poland, Austria, and Holland. He has just concluded a concert-giving and lecture tour in the United States. The long list of his compositions includes operas, choral works, symphonies, chamber-music, piano pieces, and songs.]

JEAN COCTEAU, in his book, *Le Coq et l’Arlequin*, speaking of the evolution of modern music, writes:—“We cannot prevent a river from flowing.” Music develops, continues, and transforms itself with such speed that some listeners and critics cry out that a revolution has come, and halt in the middle of the road.

Because they are lost is no reason why the music itself should be lost. But it is quite natural that those who experience a revolution and only are catching a glimpse of what is being done, cannot at once appreciate the essential and continuous line which binds all the different means of musical expression. Neither can they conceive the tremendous labor, the endless and painful effort which results in the complete blossoming of the new work, where easiness and spontaneity are but the fruit of long and steady thinking, aided by a thorough technique. Neither will the public or the critic admit: "I don't understand." Nor will they try to make the necessary effort for its comprehension. They will just say, "The author is crazy." Then, sometimes, when captivated by the novelty of the work, they will believe in its total overthrow; they will say that this musician has reinvented music, etc.

Nonsense!

The river to which Cocteau alludes, flows with sureness. Its source is known.

It may pursue its course through valleys whose contours are constantly changing, but its goal is always the same, and, as far as it goes, never loses its initial contact. I may assert that there is no modern manifestation of musical thought, free as it may be, which is not the outcome of a solid tradition and which does not also open a new and logical path to the future.

One cannot invent tradition. One can only accept and bear it, and work on it. It depends not only upon the taste, personal tendencies, or fancy of the musician, upon the influences or preferences in his life, but above all it depends upon his race. There, indeed, lie deep and terribly powerful influences which open to the musician the paths where he is bound to let his fancy wander. It has been said that Art has no fatherland. This only means one thing. For every sensitive nature, every human work will be alive and attractive, as long as it is fully realized, and this is true whatever be the composer's nationality. But each country, each race, possesses a rich past that weighs on the mind of an artist, and the deep and opposite tendencies of the different races may be found in every musician.

There has always been, I could almost say a physiological

difference, determining, in art, conflicts or rather parallel ways in which one is necessarily thrown, which is no more a matter of choice than to be fair or dark, or to have blue or black eyes. This difference has always been a historic fact between the Latins and the Teutons. We find it between the French Troubadours and the German Meistersingers; in the sixteenth century, between Costeley and Martin Luther, in the seventeenth, between Couperin and Buxtehude; in the eighteenth between Rameau and Gluck; in the nineteenth, between Berlioz and Brahms, Bizet and Wagner; between Debussy or Faure and Richard Strauss.

Following these two parallel paths, we reach, in our day Erik Satie on one side, and Arnold Schönberg on the other, or Poulenc and Auric, facing Anton Webern or Alban Berg.

We in Europe are actually in front of two absolutely opposed currents. We can study them in a useful way if we try to find out their respective sources, and rebuild their evolution, however complicated it may be. The two currents I am alluding to are the school of Paris and the school of Vienna. The musicians of France and those of Austria have been isolated by the Great War; six years without any possible contact, during which the new tendencies of music have taken root on both sides. When the barrier was removed, new powers stood opposed, each ignorant of the other, or, at best, of slight acquaintance with that for which the other stood.

But in both countries these powers were the result of an entirely different temperament and training, and to create, were obliged to make use of an appropriate technique. The *Groupe des six* in France, with Erik Satie, has endeavored to restore the national and essential tradition of their country, whereas the young Viennese have sought to reclaim Mozart and Schubert.

The characteristics of French music are to be found in a certain fluency, something sober and clear, with some measure of romanticism, and a strong sense of proportion and design in the construction of a work, in a desire to express one's self with clearness, simplicity and conciseness. And if Couperin, Rameau, Berlioz, Chabrier, Bizet and Debussy and Satie are indeed the true masters to whom we have turned for tradition, it does not

at all mean that French music has not had to suffer assaults and influences which have often blotted out its characteristics. These influences have not prevented the producing of great artists. Still, it is our duty to reprove the foreign influence as long as we really have hope and faith in the new path, which we have decided to pursue towards the future.

So Bizet and Chabrier have done, defending piously our dear inheritance against the influences that had veiled it. First of all that of César Franck, the greatest of all Flemish musicians, whose school determined a great wave of pessimism; the longing for seriousness, above all things, really created the musicians who founded the Schola Cantorum. They were naturally predisposed to receive favorably the tremendous influence that very nearly upset our national line of music. I mean Richard Wagner.

I am not to censure Wagner. He is and will always remain a formidable musician, and his enormous work was exactly appropriate. It is quite natural that before such a mighty power, many hesitated and fell. But, on the other hand, certain temperaments could not accept that form of thought. And in the face of this great clamor (where the noise of steel resounds in a foggy landscape) where the most abstract ideas express themselves in a philosophical dialectic, we have seen a Latin heart arise, bright and pure, with the breeze of the Mediterranean and the soft and perfect shape of our southern highlands, and all our hearts turned to him: Georges Bizet. I will not endeavor to speak here of the total shaking up *Carmen* brought to Nietzsche, heretofore a passionate disciple of the Wagnerian art, but who still kept in the depth of his soul some thirst for a clearer thought; and Bizet fully realized it.

After the influences of Franck and Wagner, to which Bizet, Gounod and Chabrier alone remained impervious, there arose another danger, the tremendous growth of Russian music at the end of the nineteenth century. How could one resist the tempting voice of a Moussorgski? How not be touched by such a sensitive heart and not fascinated by the new technique of a new harmony? No doubt, nothing could have been strong enough to resist it, if the deeply human genius of our Debussy had not come, assimilating without danger this foreign food. Indeed, it was

thanks to it that Debussy was drawn away from Wagner and that he was able to realize his work, entirely built upon sensibility, tenderness and love.

The discoveries of Moussorgski had been rather ill-served by an insufficient and awkward technique. But, in my opinion, this awkwardness is part of his charm and Rimsky-Korsakoff's "revisions" are frequently veritable mutilations.

On the contrary, Debussy came with such a perfect art, such beauty in form, such care and such a sense of right proportions, that he realized what Moussorgski had only been able to outline.

But the Russian trap was set some years after when the Debussy school became fascinated by the orchestral technique of Rimsky-Korsakoff. The adorable subtlety of Debussy's writing (perfect in his case, because he possessed a wonderful sense of criticism and a sensitive nature) became the source of the movement called "Impressionism" which, combined with Rimsky's influence, led French music into a blind alley, where useless complications, the search for rare and delicate sonority instead of pure melody, caused a reaction which, too, was Russian in the *Sacre du Printemps*, by Igor Stravinsky.

Then, out of the shadow where he had followed, with the greatest care, the complex and contradictory lines which crossed over our French music, came Erik Satie, whom Jean Cocteau compares to the "Sleeping Beauty." In his work lived, intact and renewed because of its plainness and its purity, the spirit of French music free from all foreign weight.

Erik Satie's art is a real Renaissance. During the last thirty years, it has been constantly an art of divination, of presentiment. For a long while he was a forerunner of the new movement, but after that, he retired, leaving to others the task of realizing with all their powers the effort he thought was the best. At that time, Satie listened, studied, guessed the dangers, pointed to the invisible reefs. He went on trying something different, over and over again, each year younger, as it seemed, than the year before. He kept close to the young musicians, loved to follow them, to understand them, and to leave them to their own strength, and then to turn to a new generation.

Thus, in 1887 (in the midst of the Wagnerian epoch) Satie composed for the piano his *Sarabandes*, his *Gymnopédies*, his *Gnossiennes*. The harmony and writing announce quite distinctly Debussy. They are deeply opposed to the Wagnerian principles of composition.

Then, Satie viewed the Debussy evolution. He looked upon the Impressionist school which his own works had anticipated ten years before. He guessed at once the danger of such music; he felt sure that after Debussy it was bound to become spineless, with only useless complications, mere exceptional combinations, mere plays upon sound, full of literary meaning and intention. He studied counterpoint and fugue—a wonderful training for ease in writing, giving concision and soberness. He then wrote some pieces with humoristic names, intended to be satirical and against the Impressionist “poetry above all!”

After the blow of the *Sacre du Printemps*, Satie fully realized himself; he brought back music to simplicity and opened the path for the French musicians of the School “*d’Après Guerre*.” He then gave us *Parade*, where the souvenir of music halls creates a new and attractive art; then *Socrate*, one of the *chefs-d’œuvre* of contemporary music. It is realized with such sober means, and the melodic line is so purely designed that the feeling itself seems to be enclosed; it conveys the whole charm to the mind with the sureness and authority which only perfect works possess. Never any lyricism of a doubtful taste; nothing melodramatic in the recitative. Everything here is acute; the beauty of style comes from its plainness and from its absolute nakedness. An art in which all details have become useless is of the most rare sort. It was bound to cause a surprise and a shock to a public that was just beginning to guess the diddles and musical entanglements of the Impressionist school. Satie was in conflict with it because of its complication; he was bound to join the younger ones, with their instructive thirst for reaction against Impressionism and for a return to soberness of expression in the building of a work as well as in simplicity of the harmonic line.

In 1919 Satie thought of grouping the works of these young artists in a few concerts. Amongst these musicians were most different and almost opposed temperaments. But one day after

a concert, a journalist chose six of them and wrote an article. The *Groupe des six* was constituted. One must not think, as many do, that according to the name, we are alike in æsthetics; our activity and our friendship united us. But time has shown (how speedily!) the absolute divergence of our tendencies. And so much the better! How could one imagine a musical group with laws and statutes like a club? Only diversity, fancy, imagination, can give life to art. But between us stood also differences in training, in taste, in race.

Honneger, who was my comrade at the Conservatoire for ten years, remains, in spite of his purely French education, strongly attached to Wagner, Strauss and Schönberg. The source of his personality dwells in German romanticism. He possesses a strong technique and his deeply pondered works really deserve their great success.

G. Tailleferre is a delightful musician. She writes slowly but with sureness. She produces little but each work is remarkably *mise au point*. Her music has the great merit of being without pretension; it is most attractive because it is sincere. It is really the music of a young girl in the most lovely sense of the word. It is so fresh that one could almost say that it is scented. Her tendencies have left her rather in sympathy with the Impressionists from whom she inherited the love of subtle chords and perfection in details.

Our comrade Durey was obliged by the state of his health to retire to the country, and he is no more with us. He was not yet quite master of his technique when he had to face the public.

With Auric and Poulenc we encounter the younger and more lively elements of our group.

Following Erik Satie they have tried to speak once more the old language of French folk-lore, and particularly that of Paris. The sadness of fairs, the "flon-flons" of music halls, find an echo in Auric with a certain incisive bitterness, and something brutal; it is always full of rhythmic life.

Francis Poulenc is music itself. I can think of no other so undeviating, so direct, more simply expressive and going to its aim with more sureness. He has renewed in chamber music the brevity of Scarlatti's sonatas. The elements are here reduced

to their minimum. He has just finished a sonata for clarinet and bassoon, a perfect wonder of gaiety, precision, charm and grace; and another one for trumpet, trombone, and horn, which is a real masterpiece. It is of a well-balanced and classical form and its novelty lies in the ease with which he plays with very plain musical elements. He has written a chorus for the Harvard Glee Club, in the style of the drinking songs of the eighteenth century. But it is an eighteenth century full of joy and happiness, looked upon by the eyes of a French lad of 1923 who loves Paris, Montmartre and good wine. He is actually finishing a *Ballet* for Serge de Diaghileff, called: *Les Biches*. The costumes and scenery will be by Marie Laurencin. It will be a "suite" of dances without any literary scheme. Its music is full of delicate charm; the elegance in melody and in modulation seem to bring us back to Gounod.

For the line of French musicians of which I am a member, or a disciple (I mean Rameau, Berlioz, Bizet, Chabrier, Satie), who really represent, I believe, the purer heart of our national modern tradition, melody is the element that binds together these names.

Diatonism and Chromaticism are the two poles of musical expression. One can say that the Latins are diatonic and the Teutons chromatic. Here are to be found two different points; they are entirely opposed, and their consequences are verified by history.

There has been very much writing about Polytonality and Atonality. Polytonality consists in writing different diatonic melodic lines, in several tonalities at the same time. Atonality consists in writing melodic lines that do not belong to any distinct tonality. It of course uses the keys of the chromatic scale.

The faith in simple triads, which is essentially Latin, was bound to give way to a new sort of technique in which several triads were employed simultaneously, which means, of course, several diatonic melodies superimposed.

The faith in the chromatic scale, the tendency to consider each harmony as a passage from one to another (which is essentially Teutonic) was bound to free its believers from all notion of tonality and to lead them to divide whole tones into thirds and fourths, an inevitable consequence of such a state of mind.

I have myself specially studied Polytonality; for just as scholastic training in harmony, counterpoint and fugue is necessary to every musician, I believe that according to the new methods of technique, a full technical training should follow. It seems to me quite reasonable that there should be added to the different treatises in the study of music, some chapters about Polytonality and Atonality; about the different ways of superimposing several tonalities; about writing new chords, their inversions, progressions, etc.

It would be useful to show examples not only of polytonal harmony or atonal, but also of polytonal and atonal counterpoint.

In a parallel line with this evolution we witness another one, quite as important, at Vienna.

It consists in atonal music, and Arnold Schönberg is its most redoubtable champion.

As far as form is concerned, the principal characteristics of this school are a return to an extreme brevity.

After Beethoven (and even with him), the symphony had begun to assume gigantic proportions. There were always long and useless developments, which made the work conventional and annoying. It took the extreme tact and delicacy of Mendelssohn to realize the marvelous proportions of Mozart's and Haydn's symphonies. But with Schumann, Brahms, and finally with Mahler, the symphony became endless and was developed without any reason whatsoever.

In his first works, Schönberg had not yet freed himself from these principles; that is to say in the period of his two string quartets and of the "*Gurrelieder*."

Then suddenly, he gave us short and extremely sober works, made *en raccourci*. He passes over Beethoven, and revives Mozart's form, still simplified. These works, though short, are very substantial in musical material. They are piano pieces, only two or three lines each, quite different from each other—and then the *Pierrot Lunaire*, which I am happy to have revealed to the Parisian public last year. Here, everything is reduced to its minimum: twenty-one short poems. The voice half sings and

half declaims; the orchestra is reduced to five instruments. With such small means, Schönberg has obtained an almost incredible variety. Each piece has its proper sonority, and the variety of expression is also prodigious. It shifts from the languid romanticism of moonlight to the weird grimaces of a ghost, from a kind of morbid sentimentality to the depths of tragedy or to a hideous clamor: and all this with five instruments! We are far from the heavy Wagnerian orchestra!

As for the harmonic line, one of the consequences of Wagner's chromaticism has been the thirst for perfect freedom of tonality. Schönberg has realized this wonder, which had become unavoidable. His melodic line only uses the chromatic scale, and his harmony is generally written with unanalyzable chords. If sometimes we find a chord related to diatonic harmony, we may be sure that it is never resolved in the scholastic sense.

Around Schönberg are grouped several young musicians who study with him. Their starting point is atonal music. These composers are:

Egon Wellesz, author of several works for chamber music and orchestra, who seeks to rejoin Schubert's tradition.

Alban Berg, author of a string quartet and charming pieces for clarinet.

Anton Webern, whose music is reduced to its absolute essentials by its brevity. It has the emotional importance of the throb of a heart, of a pulsation, of a sigh. His small pieces for quartet and those for violin and piano are small dramas concentrated into a few bars of a form so short that nothing remains except an invertebrate but expressive and vigorous design.

It would be useful for the acquirement of the atonal technique, as well as for the polytonal one, to study all their resources in a methodical way. How many subjects in school works are to be dealt with, from the successions of dominant seventh chords (the starting point of chromaticism), up to the handling of all the twelve keys together!

Polytonality (the logical consequence of diatonism), and Atonality (the logical consequence of chromaticism) are not new systems opposed to the fundamental principles of music, as it has too often been said. On the contrary, they are merely

their logical and inevitable result. They only make richer the different planes—that is, material sounds, harmony and melody—which are the means of expressing our thought, and require a very thorough technique.

What gives life to a work, what makes it true, will never be its characteristics, polytonal or atonal, but, rather, *its essential melody*. Thence springs its real power, because it comes straight from the heart of the musician. There is no training so complete or so thorough that it can suffice without that melodic source. It is the primary element, the authentic organic one, that comes from the pure sentiment itself and that is conducive to rhythmical and harmonic design. Without melody, all composing will fall, or end in vain rhetoric, quite conventional and empty. It is the entire secret of music, which I found out one day when I was studying at the Conservatoire with my master André Gedalge. I was showing him some vast symphonic plan or other, and he said to me:

“Just write for me eight measures that can be played without any accompaniment.”

Melody is thus our aim and greatest ambition.

It alone will allow us to work by our imagination and yet keep close to the tradition which we feel to be ours.

DARIUS MILHAUD.

# THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

STARK YOUNG<sup>1</sup>

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

IN the course of one of those amusing public arguments about the Function of the Critic which occasionally break out in English newspapers, a shrewd and anonymous disputant remarked quite simply the other day, as if he were stating the merest platitude, that so far as critics are any good at all, they are artists themselves. It is delightful to imagine the probable effect of that staggering declaration upon the kind of mind that believes it to be the critic's supreme use and virtue to act as a kind of æsthetic vermin-killer, or to hold examinations of poets, painters, composers, dramatists, and actors that come up before him, and give them just the right number of carefully graded marks, with a prize to the one who has done most "to advance the cause of wholesome American literature—or plays, or operas" [what, you wonder, would a "wholesome" opera be like?], or to "promote good citizenship." He must, they tell us, be "just," and "fair," and "judicial," and "balanced." He must be "constructive," say these enviably assured creatures. Where is the critic who has not been tearfully besought by some poet or composer or playwright to tell him *how* to rewrite his poem or recompose his symphony or rebuild his play? And how often has the disheartened critic taken the trouble to reply that one need not know how to prepare a ragout in order to be able to say that the dish is a failure. How many times must it be said that the critic has no more concern with the artist than the diner-out has with the cook. Another shrewd Englishman observed that the critic—an artist and nothing else, if any one is to take him seriously—differs from other artists only in that he often takes as his subject some preëxisting work or works of art,

<sup>1</sup> *The Flower in Drama*: by Stark Young. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

instead of taking a landscape or a battle or a distinguished profiteer. The fine critic attempts and achieves the original expression of some personal delight, wonder, or imaginative stir occasioned in him by the work of art before him, so that the most famous and valuable of criticisms, like Pater's descant upon the *Mona Lisa*, are really independent works of art as valuable as their subjects, and would retain their value long after those subjects had disappeared.

One need only bear in mind this simple truth about the critic and his true place on the cosmic map to understand why it is that he and the artist (the "creative" artist, as he fatuously distinguishes himself) are opponents whose differences can never be composed. They are opponents because they are rivals. They stand in no complementary relationship to each other. To view the critic as either the "interpreter," the sublimated press-agent, of the artist, or as his judge or assessor, is to misunderstand his true status. Fine criticism has the same use for the artist that the queen-bee has for the male who will fertilize her. The artist, like the male bee, is a necessary instrument; but he remains an instrument, and nothing more. Once upon a time a distinguished British composer, Sir Edward Elgar, wrote a piece of music for small orchestra called *Dream Children*, suggested by the essay of Lamb. The music died years ago; a feeble thing, it passed out of the concert repertory almost as soon as it was introduced there. But it remained long enough to call forth from a sensitive and gifted critic, the late Vernon Blackburn, a few paragraphs of prose which have survived by many years the music that suggested them—prose of such beauty and subtlety and tenderness that, reading it, you will perhaps wonder which, in this instance, was the artist and which the accessory. Sir Edward Elgar is, to be sure, somewhat less than a great composer. But that is not the case with Richard Wagner. In the finale of *Götterdämmerung*, Wagner achieved tremendous music—music of insurpassable splendor and nobility. Yet John Run-ciman, in a few sentences that he wrote of this scene in *Götterdämmerung*, created something surprisingly memorable, surprisingly detached and independent,—a good deal less than tremendous, to be sure, yet steeped in the essential beauty and feeling of the music:

It is [he wrote] a funeral chant, mournful, sombre, and triumphant. The seed has been sown, the crop has grown and ripened and been harvested, and now the thing is over. A chill wind pipes over the empty stubble-land where late the yellow corn stood and the laborers labored. There is nothing more: ripeness is all that life offers or means.

The frivolous might remark that the finale of *Götterdämmerung* has nothing whatever to do with stubble-land or corn or departed farm-hands. It hasn't, true enough. Yet by some magic of transmutation, the critic, using an utterly different and much less potent medium than the artist in this instance—using other symbols, and moving on his own plane of feeling and experience, has nevertheless given us a thing persuasive through its own beauty and intensity, yet steeped in the essential emotion of its subject. As the British commentator whom we have already quoted did not fail to point out, the critic as artist will often have the appearance “of assessing, interpreting, or restating what the original artist has expressed already, just as Turner has an air of stating to you the topographical facts of a landscape. But, in essence, he will never do only that. . . . Naturally, it revolts the artist to find some contumacious fellow picking out of his own darling work just as much as he needs for his own little attempt at beauty or brilliance—in fact, doing just what Turner did with a landscape whenever he did not want the parish church or the Hall for his own selfish purpose. He just left them out. And the critic must either do the same or else be null and void.”

It is easy, of course, to sympathize with the agonized query of the poet or the painter or the dramatist: “But where, then, do I come in?” Well, so far as the fine critic is concerned, you come in—if the bald truth must be told—only as a handy implement. For you, of course, the critic has no value except as a more or less sublimated publicity agent. When he dons the garb of the pundit and the wig of the judge and assumes to tell you how to compose or write verses or act, you are justified in bidding him go to the devil. He may know more about orchestration or metre or voice-placing than you do (often he does); but he is wasting his time when he seeks to impose his knowledge. Simpson the critic may know perfectly well that when Richard

Strauss at the end of his *Also Sprach Zarathustra* asks the flutes in their highest register to play a chord *pianissimo*, he is asking an impossible thing, for the simple reason that high notes on the flute cannot be made to sound very soft. But what would be gained by devoting several lines of type in a review of *Zarathustra* to pointing out this fact? James Huneker was guilty of no such waste motion when he wrote, years ago, his unforgettable description of the tone-poem of Strauss. Instead, he produced a chapter of fantastically gorgeous prose, ostensibly a critical survey, which today has far more imaginative vitality than many pages in the score of Strauss.

So it is with the new book of that sly poet, that remarkable artist in prose, who presents himself to us in the masquerade of a critic, Stark Young—that “delightful young man from Texas” to whom Henry James wrote his memorable letter of advice a decade ago. Mr. Young, we are fully aware, is a philosopher of the arts. It is true, as his publisher says of him, that he has an extraordinary skill and finesse in “revealing fundamental principles of art and applying them to its contemporary manifestations.” It is true that he is a wise and subtle æsthetician, a sensitive and weariless student of the methods and materials of the artist, an explorer of the secret path between the creator and his work. He can discuss Acting in such a way that the President of the Academy of Dramatic Arts gives copies of the essay, he tells us, to all his students, “as a criterion and guide.” And Stark Young has, as Eugene O’Neill declares, “a real love for the theatre.”

All these things are manifest. Take that particular essay called *Acting: The actor’s gift*, says Mr. Young, begins first of all with his body.

In all countries and in all acting, the measure of an actor’s gift comes back to his body, comes back to the absorbing and revealing magnetism of his presence there which is the focus of our mood. A man’s acting comes back to his body in the same sense exactly that all life, sensibility of perception and impression, and accuracy of general intelligence, come back to the body, to physical senses, to the earth. One of the first tests of an actor’s talent is in the identity of his body and his mind. Not the actor’s voice, not his brain, are the parts of him by which he becomes a medium for his art; it is his whole make-up, body, brain, and voice; it is the man you see before you on the

stage. In fine acting the words and the body are at supreme moments inseparably one, and they can be said to be interchangeable in meaning and significance. It is not that the emotion is transferred from speech into a mimicry of gesture and facial play, not that—though the mere gift of miming need not be despised. It is that the idea that moves within becomes one with the outward form. The highest use of the body, of gesture, is not to reproduce, but to represent, with an added radiance, what is within—not, that is, to be an image but a symbol; the living content of the moment charges with its power the body that it animates, and makes it a symbol of its meaning. The idea that gathers up all its elements—the social, the ethical, the animal—into one thing in terms of the body, takes on magnificent power. The body, moreover, speaks to the eye, which is the door for so much of our experience. Gesture in some instances has a power beyond that of words, however splendid their golden eloquence may be. Gestures may give a concrete and arresting statement, a definite and convincing visual phenomenon that states the point as no words could ever do. The music of beautiful words spreads over and beyond the words themselves and their usual meaning into a beautiful immortality, into something less definite. And the flow of ideas, the shifting emphasis of the actor's body, may weave an abstraction of design that has in it also some of the wider truth of music.

How much that says, with how delicate and shrewd a perception, how lucid an exposition! Stark Young is as sensitive, as salient, as benignly surgical, in all that he writes in this sheaf of papers on the theatre—whether it is acting that he discusses, or the Voice in the Theatre, or the Prompt-Book, or Translations, or Ben-Ami, or Charlie Chaplin, or Eleanore Duse. But always the artist speaks through the critic: time and again the approach and the achievement are those of the essential artist, for they are “the original expression of some personal delight, wonder, or imaginative stir”: so that you get such things as this in his letter to a great actress:

. . . They have seen your photograph; and the face, Madame, that they see there . . . has something more moving than the immediately poetic or outwardly beautiful can be; what this face has is a kind of realism of tragic beauty. It has in it the thing that is most terrible and that we worship in life, that last and exquisite thing in life: a supreme response to it. . . . Madame, whenever I read Dante, the picture of you keeps coming before my eyes. . . . That poetry has the permeation, the tender exactitude, that is your art. And like that poetry, it might have happened yesterday, it might not happen until tomorrow, the thing I remember as your acting. . . . In your art, feeling becomes plastic, as if you were the

sculptor of your own soul. One seems to see in your presence radiance, spirit, something like music and falling wind, a strange identity with trees and air and light. . . . You, of all artists in the theatre, know that, seen most deeply, life becomes a dream; there is so much of our own reality added to it that nowhere out of ourselves can it exist. And your kind of realism easily becomes mystical; it renders everything, and because it is so exact, so patient, and so infinite, can give back their mystery to things and make them like a dream again.

That happens to have been written about Duse: yet it lives apart from and independent of its subject. It is penetrating and beautiful as criticism, as valuation; but it has its own viability, its own significance, its own loveliness—it passes through and beyond its specific subject and becomes itself mysteriously seminal and creative.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

# AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

CONGRESS concluded an unsatisfactory career with a group of peculiarly unsatisfactory performances, of a kind unhappily too common in recent years. One was the burking of the Shipping bill by means of filibustering. The Administration earnestly desired action upon the measure, the President having specially addressed Congress in its behalf. A decisive majority of the House of Representatives favored its enactment. Popular sentiment was also strongly in its favor, particularly in those States which pay the bulk of the national revenue and which therefore would have paid most of the expense which the act would have entailed. There was good reason to believe that a majority of the Senate would vote for it, if an opportunity were given. But a small minority of Senators, chiefly from States contributing little to the national revenues, prevented a vote being taken upon it, by talking against time on all manner of irrelevant topics. Thus they not only thwarted the policy of the Government and the will of the people, but also wasted many days of valuable time in which they should have been doing the urgent work for which they were employed. The result was that much important legislation, demanded by the national welfare, failed of enactment because of lack of time before the end of the session. Another obnoxious performance was insistence upon the appropriation for "river and harbor improvements" of a sum more than twice as large as that requested by the Administration and provided for in the Budget; the surplus thus forced upon the War Department being about fifty per cent larger than the sum called for in the defeated Shipping bill. That surplus appropriation was, of course, what has come to be known as "pork"; and it was insisted upon by Congress not for works needed for the welfare of the nation but simply to enable Senators and Representatives to curry popular favor by making a show

of securing grants of public money to be expended in their States and Districts—practically promoting their own political interests at the cost of the national treasury. One should not yield to pessimistic despair at such performances, but it is fitting to wonder how long they will be permitted to continue.

Théophile Delcassé died in the fulness of a great and good career. Even in years he surpassed the proverbial threescore and ten, though he was not to be thought of as approximating the infirmities of age. In events he completed such a cycle as not many statesmen in any land or time have known. One of the most foreseeing of men, he discerned the German menace in advance of his contemporaries, and took the lead in creating the only conceivable barrier against it. Few men in human history have rendered comparable services to peace, to civilization and to the best interests of mankind. He had the genius to utilize the dangerous Fashoda incident for the restoration of good feeling between France and Great Britain and the substitution of an *entente cordiale* for the notorious "policy of pin-pricks". Thus the way was opened for the creation of the Triple Entente, and for the separation of Italy from the Triple Alliance; achievements which made possible the arraying of a powerful alliance against the aggressions of the Central Powers. He paid, it is true, the common penalty of prophets, in being dismissed from the Government of the nation which he had so greatly served, at the demand of a potential enemy; in dramatic circumstances which were graphically described in a recent number of this REVIEW by M. Stéphane Lauzanne. But no less significant were the circumstances of his vindication, in being recalled to the very place from which he had been dismissed the moment that there broke upon the nation the storm of which he had given warning and against which he had, in spite of his dismissal, made saving preparation. Nor did that vindication altogether lack the consummate touch of completeness which was supplied by knowledge of it on the part of the one-time colleague and chief who had forced him out of office. Maurice Rouvier did not live to see M. Delcassé shape French diplomacy in the World War; but he did see him restored to Ministerial office and to Am-

bassadorship at the very court at which he was most needed to assure the maintenance of the policy which he had founded years before and which was to prove the salvation of France and of the world.

The last few years have seen some thrones vacated for the great good of man. But one has now been bereft of an occupant whose long career had gone far to make the trade of Kingship noble. Khama was not, I believe, enrolled in the *Almanach de Gotha*, nor was he addressed as "Dearly Beloved Cousin" by any wearer of a European crown. Yet it would not be easy to name many contemporary sovereigns who were more sincerely, more intelligently or more efficiently devoted to the welfare of their people, or who could show a clearer title to "divine right" than this great ruler of the Bechuana. He got his Bible from Livingstone and his rifle from Gordon-Cumming, and he made expert use of both for more than fifty years for the good of his nation. The one was made the source and the basis of their spiritual enlightenment and humane civilization. The other was the means of their material protection whenever the preferable means of diplomacy failed. Khama contended, successively and successfully, with Moselekatse and the Amazulus, Paul Kruger and the Boers, Lobengula and the Matabeles, and Cecil Rhodes and the British South Africa Company; and against them all he maintained the integrity of "Khama's Country"—the only name his kingdom bore. Physically, intellectually and morally "every inch a King", the record of his reign reproaches all race prejudice and entitles him to be remembered impartially as a Christian warrior, statesman and philanthropist beside whom a Hohenzollern or a Hapsburg in his pride cuts but a sorry figure.

There may be an excessive note of pessimism in the report of the Carnegie Foundation on the status and prospects of public instruction in the United States, but there is undoubtedly much provocation to serious thought, and indeed pertinent warning against conditions and tendencies which threaten greatly to impair our vaunted common school system. The enormous increase in the cost of the schools is an obvious fact to the many

communities which pay twice as much for their schools as for all other public objects and purposes put together. It is a fine thing to have free education for all; but when it costs more for each pupil in a public school than the tuition fee of a pupil in a high class private school, somebody has to foot big bills, and it is pertinent to ask if the community is getting full value for its money. In so far as the increase in cost is due to the raising of teachers' salaries, right thinking people will not greatly demur. It has been a disgrace for teachers of university culture and long experience to be paid more meanly for instructing and training the minds of children than laundresses were for washing those children's clothes. On the other hand it is also a disgrace for children to be graduated from school, even from high school, without the ability to write an English sentence correctly or to solve a simple problem in arithmetic. There is grave reason to fear that the introduction of fads and superficialities, and even of nominally valuable vocational training, into the schools is not only too greatly increasing their cost but is also—a much more serious matter—preventing a thorough grounding in those fundamentals of education without which all else is vanity of vanities. Let us grant that all children are entitled to free instruction. So is every person entitled to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness". But while the State must guarantee these latter to every citizen, it is not required to guarantee him wealth and luxury; these he must secure through his own efforts. So the State is not required to give all pupils culture in the fine arts or training in the learned professions; this they must obtain for themselves. It would be a shocking thing for the State to provide privilege and luxury for the few and deny the common rights of man to the many. So it seems reasonable to insist that it shall not busy itself and spend the public money in giving special high culture to a minority of pupils until it has given to all the best possible instruction in the universally indispensable branches of learning.

The international status of Canada, which was recently discussed in *THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW* by Professor W. P. M. Kennedy and Mr. John S. Ewart, is again brought to atten-

tion by the attempt which has been made—not, I believe, by Canada itself—to have the Dominion received into the Pan-American Union and thus participate in the Pan-American Congress. There is no doubt that a cordial sympathy exists between Canada and the American Republics; and there is on these continents no Government more stable and more efficient—if indeed more democratic—than that of the Dominion. Yet the Pan-American Union is after all a union of independent American republics, having no governmental connection with and no allegiance to any non-American or non-republican Power. That description is scarcely to be applied to Canada. It is true that Canada now claims equality with Great Britain itself in the determination of its foreign policies. When in the Turkish crisis at Chanak the British Government inquired of the Canadian Government if it could rely upon it for aid, if needed, in defending the Straits, the reply was that that was a question which the Canadian Parliament alone could answer; and since then, in that Parliament, that principle has been formally and explicitly reaffirmed. Nevertheless the very fact that the British Government was and is at any time free to make such an inquiry implies a relationship between it and the Government at Ottawa essentially different from that which it sustains toward any other government upon these continents, and marks a clear distinction between Canada and the American Republics.

The explorations in the Valley of the Kings at Luxor have been fruitful beyond all expectation, and have disclosed the fact that there existed in Egypt before the time commonly ascribed to the Israelitish Exodus a height and opulence of artistic civilization seldom rivalled in later ages. These interesting achievements have apparently stimulated similar research on our own continent, and there is now a prospect of something like a thorough exploration and study of the splendid and stupendous remains of Maya civilization, which may well be found comparable in interest with the antiquities of Africa and Asia. Indeed, it is by no means improbable that a close relationship may be found between the ancient art and architecture of Yucatan and those of Egypt and India. They are similar in colossal construction,

in wealth of ornamentation, and often in the very style of the sculptured and painted decorations. It will be recalled that the first really intimate and appreciative explorer of Uxmal and Chichen-Itza, the late Augustus Le Plongeon, insisted that such relationship existed, and set it forth in his translation of an ancient Maya legend, *Queen Moo and the Egyptian Sphinx*.

The decision of the Supreme Court as to the meaning of the words "free white persons" in the naturalization law bears an unhappy resemblance to the last chapter of *Rasselas*—"the conclusion, in which nothing is concluded." It is of course entitled to all possible respect, and will serve to assure a uniform interpretation of the law, under which Dr. Kitasato or Sir Rabindranath Tagore would be held unfit for American citizenship. But surely to interpret the words "free white persons" as synonymous with "Caucasian" only "so far as the latter is popularly understood" is to open the door to endless confusion and dispute. Huxley, no mean authority, divided the Caucasian or White race into the Xanthochroi and the Melanochroi. Of these the former, "light whites," with blue or gray eyes and yellow or brown hair, are found chiefly in Northern Europe but also in Northern Africa and India; while the latter, "dark whites," with brown or black eyes and dark brown or black hair, comprise the Celts, Spaniards, Greeks, Italians, Arabs, and most of the Hindoos. As for the Mongolic or Yellow race, it comprises not only the Chinese and Japanese but also the Finns and Hungarians. Our naturalization law, then, seems to draw a very crooked ethnological line. It does not discriminate between the Caucasian and the Mongolic races, since it excludes Indians of the former, and admits Finns and Hungarians of the latter. Nor does it discriminate between the light and dark branches of the Caucasian race, since it excludes some and accepts some of each of those branches. In brief, the whole supremely important matter is relegated to the variable determinations of prejudice and politics.

## NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

HUNTINGTOWER. By John Buchan. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Mr. Buchan claims for his hero, Dickson McCunn, descent from Sir Walter's Nicol Jarvie. This genealogical whimsy is pleasant and one is disposed to accept it. The middle-aged, settled, conscientious, but romantic McCunn, who carries himself bravely through adventures much too savagely romantic for his taste, has indeed a spiritual kinship with the stout Bailie. But there is a difference. Nicol Jarvie is real, not because Scott took any particular pains to make him so, but because Scott in portraying such a type couldn't to save his soul get very far away from truth and nature. He would have been perfectly safe in making the Bailie dance a jig or stand on his head: the good Jarvie would still have been the Bailie. But Dickson McCunn, who is a carefully studied embodiment of commonplace, matter-of-fact, thoroughly real characteristics is by contrast a mere phantasm.

The contrast is fundamental; it begins with motives. The Bailie, it will be remembered left his warm fireside and engaged in a hair-brained adventure for a perfectly understandable reason, and when he was cornered, he fought—to good purpose and with a red-hot poker. The red-hot poker is what puts his reality beyond doubt. A red-hot poker is the weapon of a sensible, plucky man, outraged by the predicament in which he finds himself. Romance, and the poker, were forced upon the Bailie, and therefore we believe in them both. But Dickson McCunn sets out upon his adventures from a purely fictitious motive; he puts himself into an insanely dangerous predicament because the thing attracts him; and he assaults a friend and ally with a two-by-four, mistaking him for his arch enemy. One does not seriously believe in Mr. McCunn's motive; one doesn't believe in his youthful impetuosity and want of judgment; one does not believe in the two-by-four. Between Bailie Jarvie, sensibly defending himself with a red-hot poker, and Mr. McCunn madly swinging a two-by-four at the head of a stranger whom he had only the shallowest of reasons for supposing to be the villain of the play in which he himself was bravely trying to figure—between these two lies the whole continent of reality.

Walter Scott and his contemporaries and predecessors thought, rightly enough, that all young men desire to grow up, to become tall men of their hands, to do great deeds, and to win for themselves fame and fortune. He believed that "old men have grey beards, their faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum, and they have a plentiful

lack of wit, together with most weak hams." Not a few modern writers appear to be most potently convinced that most young men are eccentric, prematurely old, a little wild in fancy, if not simply stodgy and self-centered, and generally weazened in mind; but that old men frequently cherish a secret desire to be poetical and romantic, to play the lover, to brandish lath swords and to ride hobby horses. There has been a serious upsetting of the great tradition. Proficiency in enhancing half-truths grows apace, and sophistry passes for originality in the realm of fiction.

What a world of pains our moderns take to set forth their brain-spun versions of reality with accuracy and finish! What gestures, what miraculous passes are made around the heads of these freakish, commonplace people who represent real human nature in an ordinary type of modern novel. Even Mr. Buchan, who is not extremely decadent, cannot let his McCunn alone. He slaps him on the back, calls him a good fellow, picks him up when he falls down, laughs at him, rearranges his clothes, and sets him on his way. He does not really leave him to his own devices for a moment; and he generally patronizes him and lets others patronize him. He does all this artfully and by implication, it is true; but still he does it. Scott, be it noted, really respected Nicol Jarvie. If he had not done so, the Bailie would not now seem to us somewhat more real than most of the characters in sober history.

Notwithstanding all this, Mr. Buchan has written an entertaining yarn, having something of the magic that S. R. Crockett (and others) used to wield, but the secret of which has been lost. The tale has not much originality, either of fable or of tone. The plot, which is about a persecuted Russian princess and a gang of ingeniously wicked Bolsheviki, might have been invented by E. Phillips Oppenheim; the adventurous, fighting parts might have been done by Crockett; Barrie might conceivably have amused himself with the "Gorbals Diehards" (those gamin boy scouts), and McCunn is treated somewhat as Arnold Bennett might treat him if that conscientious, amused realist allowed himself to be a trifle silly. But the story is told with gusto, and it is really amusing all the way through. It is thus to be preferred to all novels of the pseudo-serious type, and ought indeed to be welcomed as that rare thing, good entertainment.

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THE INVISIBLE GODS. By Edith Franklin Wyatt. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Certain weaknesses of conception or of plan in Miss Wyatt's story, certain peculiarities in the execution, serve only to emphasize the fact that *The Invisible Gods* is, after all, a work of breadth and distinction. It is not that deadly thing, a novel technically perfect, nor that still deadlier thing a novel designed to please everybody. Its deficiencies are only its merits viewed from another angle.

To begin with, *The Invisible Gods* is clearly not the story of anything or

any one in particular. The title of the book is not really descriptive; it would fit any poignant tale of human destinies. The theme cannot be successfully conceived as American life, or as the conflict between the ideals of the older generation and those of the new, or as the influence of heredity, or even as the thesis, "Life is just one thing after another."

But the novel is all the better for its obvious lack of that kind of "unity" which is supposed to be useful in recommending a book to the public, both because critics approve of it and because people like to believe that the books they buy are "worth while."

Frankly, *The Invisible Gods* suffers from the discursiveness common to stories about a family or a group of people. The claim, frequently made for such narrations, that they are in some especial way "typical" or "representative", is usually unjustified; and *The Invisible Gods* has scarcely more significance of this sort than has Louisa Alcott's *Little Women*. But the story has unity of a rarer sort—the unity of a firm and consistent attitude, a fine apprehension of the realities and nobilities of life. Coherent, simple, and swift, the narrative is full of the keenest perceptions of fact, the most thrilling realizations of character. The beautiful sense of justice of an elderly judge, the careless generosity of an unsocial and roving geologist, the devotion to duty of a busy, public-minded physician—these qualities, presented without sentiment, are like clear streams of water in a thirsty land. One discovers them with joy and with conviction amid the realities of a story indubitably real in its complexities, its misunderstandings, its irreconcilable facts.

A more fundamental criticism would be that the novel is excessively feminine. It is, to be sure, distinctively a woman's novel; it does not belong to that class of stories in which both masculine and feminine characters are handled with the same touch and with the same appearance of authority. Miss Wyatt appears to get at her male characters largely through sympathy. There is much clairvoyance; but there is no such sure and complete understanding as the author evinces in her portraiture of women, and there is, along with the sympathy, a considerable play of fancy. Masculine readers will occasionally sense that half divination which in life occasionally perplexes or irritates a man whose mother or sister understands him too well, and yet not well enough.

One result of this limitation is that the persons in the story appear to be divisible into two classes: the real people and the bookish people. The women are invariably real; the men seem to be "created" or idealized. Paul Orme, the utterly selfish, frankly materialistic, childish eccentric artist, appears to be a book character; so does the imaginative, irresponsible Hancock Marshfield, always too much a boy to be trusted, too much of a man to be treated as a minor, an American "Sentimental Tommy", born in Chicago. Even Jo Marshfield, the disciple of Pasteur, is a woman's hero. Miss Wyatt understands these men, their professional interests, their artistic impulses, their helplessness to be other than they are; but she does not get

inside them. To the masculine reader, they are by turns amusing, perplexing, annoying, or admirable.

Again, the story, not having fortunately a conventional plot, is much occupied with the little incompatibilities of temperament, the intimate disappointments, the partial understandings or misunderstandings, of a group of persons who in their various ways love one another. Its drama is mostly of this sort. The adjustment which the story people achieve is an adjustment among themselves. The theme is by no means unimportant—it is impossible to prove that it is not the most important of themes, this diffusive though intimate love which makes so much of our happiness or unhappiness. But the drama is feminine. One sees in this story nothing of a man's absorption in the world as distinct from his absorption in the people who make *his* world or in the motives women attribute to the men they adore. Jo's discouragement over his work is, in tone, a woman's discouragement, and Uncle Enos, the rover, "as independent as a bear on a mountain top", seems to be something of an enigma even to the author.

But all this does not really matter. It does not matter that the story is not a story of some definite subject or person, since the author through a multitude of ideas and a variety of persons gives us an authentic and critical account of human conduct motivated by love. It does not matter that some of the characters strike one as bookish. On the contrary, since our real life is filled with beings who are partly real to us and partly mere images of fancy, it appears an excellent thing that a *dramatis personæ* should be thus made up. Every novel, one is tempted to say, should contain some merely bookish characters, like Jane Eyre's Mr. Rochester. But for these, where would be our satire, our humor, our ideals, our zest? It is a positive advantage that the drama of the story is purely feminine, because, by the same token, it is genuine and intense. One cannot have everything at once. If all knew the same things about human character—and that the final truth—every novel would be as dull as a doctor's thesis on psychology. It is stimulating to meet in books really vital persons that one does not quite accept for true.

What really matters is that Miss Wyatt has written a novel of extraordinary breadth, delicacy, and strength. The story makes one think of the work of Charlotte Brontë. A Charlotte Brontë, modernized and well versed in the subtleties of twentieth-century life, might have written it. Its intensity in the midst of an extraordinary variety of subject matter, handled with considerable mastery, is its leading characteristic.

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THE TREE OF THE GARDEN. By Edward C. Booth. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

A certain disproportion in Mr. Booth's novel is accounted for by the presence in it of two quite separable elements—a love story and a literary convention.

Since Thomas Hardy began to write of Wessex, the novel of English rural life has become a portentous thing. In the country, especially in the English countryside, man seems close to nature. The literary mind easily envisions him as a creature of the soil. When one thinks of the immeasurable antiquity of the land, the life of man seems a brief span; compared with the revolutions of the seasons, the slow processes of nature, the mysteries of growth and reproduction, the conscious purposes of mankind seem insignificant. Human nature appears to derive all its dignity from its instincts; these at least are old, permanent, and purely natural. We have thus a variety of naturalism differing from the cult of romantic scenery. Instead of being invited to "mix up our souls with the landscape", we are solicited to mingle our sentiments with clods, with dung, with the breath of kine, with the sweat of laboring hinds.

All this is impressive to those who are susceptible to such impressions. It is, if you like, a philosophy, a view of life.

One suspects, however, that, in most instances it is simply a convention, a literary method. In Mr. Booth's hands, the method is somewhat overpowering. The thoroughness with which the author applies his extensive knowledge of agricultural life, the uniformity and the studied appropriateness with which he employs the thick Yorkshire dialect—these do not offend the reader (Mr. Booth is too good an artist to give offence), but they do make one feel "as though of hemlock he had drunk or emptied some dull opiate to the drains."

It is all, in its way, tremendously well done. If to secure unity through setting, and to produce an effect of dense and steaming "atmosphere" through an accumulation of details, be great novel-writing, then *The Tree of the Garden* is, in the respects just noted, a great novel.

To a reader who is interested rather in the varieties, the amazing resiliencies, of human nature, it is, however, even a little amusing to see how Mr. Booth wrestles with his argument. His real purpose is to tell an extraordinary love story—one might almost say a unique love story,—and he cannot tell it without a disproportionate amount of circumstantiality about pigs, cattle, the table manners of peasants, milking, blacksmithing, gossiping, courting, the whole setting in short. He is so consistent that even his metaphors savor of the farm. "Master Openshaw missed his mother with the poignancy and brevity of youth, but its soil is not deep enough, nor dunged with a sufficiency of experience, to bring forth lasting crops of sorrow."

Conscientiously adhering to another convention of the story type he has chosen, Mr. Booth has made most of the persons in his novel curiously will-less. Master Openshaw is a pampered child, a mother's boy, sent to the country for his health. Mrs. Openshaw is a fool, motivated by maternal sentiments. The rustic characters are sodden and changeless. Master Openshaw, who has been carefully protected from any knowledge of sex, becomes involved with old Hardrip's lass (of whom more is presently to be said). The girl, made bold by an innocent passion, invites him to walk with her by night. Openshaw, who, at the time of this experience, is a lad of six-

teen, is filled with vague apprehensions. "He said evasively: 'I fancy it's going to rain.'" Later, "he was cowardly enough to pray for rain." Simplicity in dealing with elemental feelings is well enough, but a simpleton is a simpleton, nor should a good artist give needless occasion for the inopportune mirth of the sophisticated.

It is a pity that Mr. Booth could not have seen his way to vignette the story of Thursday Hardrip, instead of framing it, or indeed burying it, in an agriculturally naturalistic novel. Thursday is not a Tess of the D'Urbervilles, a figure around whom a drama of human destiny can well be woven. Her simple story can suggest no new idea of social ethics, nor even plead successfully for a more sympathetic understanding of the young. Her lover is a fool; her lover's mother is a fool; her father is a drunken oaf, the neighbors are clods. She alone has any real significance. A love child, despised, neglected, without moral defences or mental safeguards, utterly humble, Thursday is nothing but a woman altogether in love. Never was any woman in love more truly; in Thursday physical passion and selfless devotion are one thing. Nor is her simplicity cloying; rather is she full of unexpected charms.

Thursday Hardrip, as has been said, does not belong to the same class of literary figures with Tess of the D'Urbervilles. If one were required to classify her, one would be obliged to say that she is an example of the "beautiful soul" of the Romantics—the soul so innocent that it cannot know evil or incur guilt. Despite differences of environment, she is more akin to Trilby than to Tess. But the point is that it is unnecessary to classify her. She is a real person; Mr. Booth knows his Thursday Hardrip. Perhaps no modern writer has done so well as he with a perfectly simple incarnation of womanhood—a type extremely opposite to that whose infinite variety time cannot wither nor custom stale. Thursday's charm would wither with age, her lover would weary of her. She has no "character". Such a personality few writers could have imagined with any vitality. Even Wordsworth, who loved simplicity, must needs have his women ladies, though they were Nature's ladies; but Thursday is not even Nature's lady. Moreover, she neither challenges our philosophy nor clamors for our sympathy. Simply we feel that her story concentrates something of the grace, the beauty, and the sadness that we see everywhere in nature. Nature! A mother who should have called Thursday away from nature with the simple words, "Come in now and wash your face", might have thwarted this tragedy. Yet the tragedy, swift, simple, and passionate is not on this account the less to be appreciated.

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THE BLACK PANTHER. By John Hall Wheelock. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Wheelock in a certain unquietness of soul and an occasional jerkiness of thought appears to be quite modern and quite minor. Nevertheless one is disposed to regard him as a true poet. His thought is far more consistent,

less vague, less freakish, less purely personal, than that of most of those versifiers whose strange ecstasies or far-sought impressions or metrical experiments appear in print from day to day. More than most, he gives one the effect of measured strength of persistent effort toward a goal, of a true sense of intellectual form, and of a consistent and genuine emotional tone.

Thought and not mere vagary is his mistress, and though the thought never reaches a satisfying completeness, tending to resolve itself at last into a mood, there is always in evidence a sincere effort to grasp, to understand, to find a resting place for the spirit.

The poem, *The Black Panther*, is not indeed purely romantic:

There is a panther caged within my breast;  
 But what his name, there is no breast shall know  
 Save mine, nor what it is that drives him so,  
 Backward and forward, in relentless quest—  
 That silent rage, baffled but unsuppressed,  
 The soft pad of those stealthy feet that go  
 Over my body's prison to and fro,  
 Trying the walls forever without rest.

All day I feed him with my living heart;  
 But when the night puts forth her dreams and stars,  
 The inexorable frenzy reawakes:  
 His wrath is hurled upon the trembling bars,  
 The eternal passion stretches me apart,  
 And I lie silent—but my body shakes.

This is romantic, indeed; all the realization is a realization of undefined mystery; all the emphasis is upon the strangeness of the heart. And with the characteristic statement "My body shakes", the poem ends: it has not arrived. Yet there is here a restraint and an explicitness that make the effect almost classical. Here we have a romance grown truly reflective and almost possessed of insight.

Again, in Mr. Wheelock's "Sea Horizons" there is a perfection of form, a consistency of tone, that tends to impressiveness. The stanzas are interlocked in meaning, yet each makes its distinctive contribution to the progressive development of a coherent thought; each is a fresh and independent realization, a new and more or less inspired utterance, like the successive verses of the Psalms. The stateliness, the spaciousness, the cumulative feeling of this poem are not achieved by any mere romantic rebellion or need for self-expression. These qualities imply a certain degree of steadiness, wholeness, and restraint. They suggest a definite goal, a limit, a capacity for the classical emotion of resignation.

Mr. Wheelock seems modern and romantic, a poet of his time; but he is no mere creature of the time-spirit, no imitator or emotional opportunist. Rather, he appears to be a true poet working with and through the spirit of his age—reflective, critical, yet by the very nature of his poetic impressibility more romantic than either critical or reflective.

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## EMINENT DOMAIN WITH INDEMNIFICATION

SIR:

The February number of *THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW* dealing with *Affairs of the World* makes indeed an interesting suggestion of "World Wide 'Eminent Domain'". Does the able writer imply thereby an extension of the mandatory system with its confiscations contrary to the law and usages of nations from the Peace of Westphalia to the Treaty of Versailles; or does he mean eminent domain in the sense in which that term is used in American Constitutional law, by due process of law and with just and equitable indemnification? If that question were more fully developed, we would have the key to the central chaos of Europe. Already the "open door" doctrine, construed by some to insure the participation of American private interests in properties taken by confiscation in mandated regions, begins to shrink from the very real issue, when "the supreme law of the land", constrains the diplomatic (executive) authorities of the Federal Government.

Such a claim would seem to be premised on a subsisting national interest, whose definition must precede the guaranty, if any be possible, of these very special private interests. To the extent of that public interest of the United States restitutions should ensue, the discretion of Congress being limited by the law of nations as understood in this Country; "in the light of the purpose of the Government to act within the limitations of international law", to use the words of an opinion in which, if my recollection serves me correctly, the Secretary of State himself concurred when an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. "By the law of nations we certainly are bound." Constitutional authorities must, in the absence of positive statute, be interpreted by the common law, and the eminent domain of this nation, wherever it may be exercised, where national interest implies jurisdictional power, implies equitable indemnification.

Followed to its logical conclusion by American diplomacy, this principle would have averted the present crisis in the Near East and elsewhere. An equitable trust of all mandated properties with a reasonable reversionary interest to former owners or indemnification thereof by gradual amortization under international law, would have permitted a real open door in economic development thereof, security for reparation payments, and a means of liquidating interallied debts, and yet have consisted with the spirit and letter of the acknowledged laws of nature and of nations.

We went to war, so I understood, to defend our rights by the law of nations; and if precedent and decision in the law and practice of this country be re-

garded, the obligation and duty of America is to demand the right to exercise her eminent domain in accordance with international law wherever there is a mandate. I think the demand would be promptly allowed.

JOSEPH WHITLA STINSON.

New York.

### "IMMORTALITY AND THE NEW PHYSICS"

SIR:

With a keen feeling of an anticipation disappointed I completed the reading of Mr. Charles Kassel's paper on *Immortality and the New Physics* in a recent issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

It is not my belief that the mental attitude of the human race can be rigidly separated into the two categories commonly understood as spiritualistic and materialistic, yet each type should be provided some modicum of satisfaction from Mr. Kassel's dissertation, if it is to accomplish more than a demonstration of his excellent literary expression. As I read Mr. Kassel's paper I find meat for neither type as far as his thesis is concerned, despite his excellent review of certain phases of modern physical thought.

The spiritualistic type of mind may find a consolation in the knowledge that there exist aspects of matter and force that we have only cursorily glimpsed to date, and that the aggressive surveys of the borderland of knowledge by our research physicists assure us of fertile fields across the chasms we must somehow bridge. But does Mr. Kassel's marshalling of the facts of science provide the token "that a supersensual world of organized life is possible"? One can scarcely discern where new evidence of the faith of the spiritualist is adduced.

It is easy to appreciate fully Mr. Kassel's evident desire to reconcile the differences that have separated the ideas and ideals of those of us who must always seek the further truth that exists behind, between and under the apparent truth, and those who accept in fullest faith as final the truth they clearly see, and fill in the gaps and crevices with an opinion and tradition they absorb with the same faith. To make the acceptors of tradition understand that the truths they believe will persist, if they are truths, despite the inquiry of others, is a God-sent mission that has been seeking its missionary, while all of humanity will benefit if the questioners of things as they are can be persuaded to keep their doubts in their own circle until the confirmation is forthcoming.

Criticism of Mr. Kassel lies principally in that the title of his article does not belong to his discussion, and it would be desirable to have further discussion from him to indicate what evidence he can find that suggests even the most spiritual phases of life as existent in "the supersensual universe, or series of universes, interacting with the material fabric we know".

EDWARD N. WENTWORTH.

Chicago, Illinois.

## POETRY AND "MORAL BEINGS"

SIR:

Mr. Gilman reviews Prof. Sherman's book, entitled *Americans*, in your issue of March, and quotes this question of the writer, concerning the *Spoon River Anthology*: "Does it fill one with a sentiment of one's importance as a moral being and of the greatness of one's destiny?" Mr. Gilman says, "It does not;" and adds, "But does *Macbeth* 'fill one with a sentiment of one's importance as a moral being,' etc?"

I have nothing, just now, to say about the *Spoon River Anthology*, but as to *Macbeth*—yes. Unlike Mr. Gilman, when I read *Macbeth*, when I see it acted, when I follow its rhythms of thought and sound, I seem to be drawn, by its haunting echoes of phrase and of idea, through vast spaces of action, of cause and effect, which only a moral being could tread, yet among forces which a moral being can control—at least, to some extent.

Mr. Gilman's tone often seems to me to imply a half-conscious contempt for the function of the "moral being" when that "being" has to do with poetry. But what is it to be a "moral being" but to be one who has control over "the conduct of life"?

LILLIE BUFFUM CHACE WYMAN.

Newtonville, Mass.

## BOOKS ON THE CAUSES OF WAR

SIR:

I have read with much interest Major Miles's article about *The Problem of the Pacifist*. I must confess I am amazed at the statement that the writer had not been able to discover any books published by pacifists dealing with the causes of war. There are numbers of such books. In my opinion the best are (1) *Ten Years of Secret Diplomacy, an Unheeded Warning*, by Edward Morel. This book is a criticism of French and English policy in Morocco. (2) *How Diplomats Make War*, by Francis Nielson. The writer was a Member of Parliament from 1910 to 1914. (3) *The War of Steel and Gold*, by Henry Brailsford. (4) *Why War?* by Frederick Howe. *Why Men Fight*, by Bertrand Russell, and *The Great Illusion*, by Norman Angell, are also useful, but the former is a philosophical treatise about the motives which lead men to fight and the latter is an attempt to prove that war does not pay.

LUCY P. EASTMAN.

New York.

[Major Miles was writing about the studies and publications of the great peace societies, and his citation of the titles of the works issued by one of them fully sustains his criticism. The same may indeed be said of the books mentioned by our correspondent. Not one of them can be truly called a "thorough and scientific investigation and study of the causes of war". Our correspondent's own description of them makes that plain. What has "a criticism of French and English policy in Morocco" to do with the fundamental causes of war?—THE EDITORS.]